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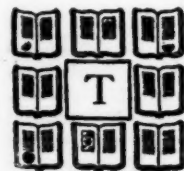
GLAMOUR

BOOKS RECEIVED

ANNOUNCEMENTS

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NOTES



THE most encouraging sign of the crusade of decency against the New York *World* and the New York *Journal* and their imitators in "new journalism" is the position which the Roman Catholic Church seems likely to take in the matter. The duty of both laymen and clergy is pointed out with sufficient clearness in *The Apostolic Constitution of Our Holy Father Leo XIII on the Prohibition and Censure of Books*, promulgated February 25, 1896. We extract from it.

"CHAPTER VIII.

"JOURNALS, LEAFLETS, AND PERIODICALS.

"21. Journals, leaflets, and periodical publications which of set purpose attack religion and morality are to be regarded as proscribed not only by natural but also by ecclesiastical law.

"And when necessary let the Ordinaries take care to warn the faithful opportunely with regard to the danger of such reading and the injury it causes.

"22. Let no Catholic, especially no ecclesiastic, publish anything in journals, leaflets, or periodical publications of this kind, except for a just and reasonable cause."

This, it may be said, is not even from a traditional code to which the church clings. A revision of the *Index Expurgatorius* was made last year, and the *Apostolic Constitution* says: "We have considered the Rules and have decreed, while preserving them in substance, to make them easier, so that any one, unless he be of evil mind, will not find it hard or troublesome to obey them."

No Catholic should read the *World* or the *Journal*. No Catholic should let anything he has written appear in their pages. No Catholic should fail of warning by his priest against them. For proof that this interpretation of the Pope's letter is likely to be accepted, one may refer to an editorial in *The Pilot*, which is one of our most notable Roman Catholic weeklies. It says:

"Protestants and Catholics cannot but agree in commending that portion of the apostolic constitution which prohibits the reading, not only of immoral books, but of immoral newspapers.

"Indeed, several prominent clubs, public library boards, etc., have effectively, if unconsciously, indorsed the Holy Father's action—which is not a new movement, but the reiteration of an old and unquestioned law—by dropping two of the worst of these journals from their lists.

"Who that has really at heart the true interests of the young generation, and is in a position to know the ruin that bad reading causes among them, will consider any measures too rigorous that can protect these young souls and bodies from the poison of the so-called 'new journalism'?"

It is to be hoped that within a short time every Catholic community may apprehend that it is a religious obligation to exclude from their lives any newspapers which offend the ordinary laws of decency and morality.

The Protestant churches can with a very ill grace lag behind the Roman Church, and *bebind even our prominent libraries and clubs*, in this. One may hope

that they will not need to be shamed into some public action in the matter. The only possible reform will come when each individual realizes that he has his portion of responsibility for such publications, and that every time he buys a copy of one of them he is lending his sanction to filthiness and depravity. And if he belongs to any Christian community he should know that his action is definitely denounced and forbidden by his church.

The Ellsworth bill, brought forward before the New York state legislature, is a good instance of how not to combat the abuses of the "new journalism." It is an act "to restrain the unauthorized printing and publishing of portraits or alleged portraits of individuals." Section I provides that "no person, firm, partnership, corporation, or voluntary association shall print or publish in any newspaper, periodical, magazine, pamphlet, or book any portrait or alleged portrait of any person or individual living in this state, without first having obtained his or her written consent to such printing or publication." Section II imposes a fine of not less than \$1,000 and imprisonment of not less than a year on offenders against this law; and Section III makes provision for the act to take effect immediately. Who Mr. Ellsworth may be we do not know. Apparently he is an honest and quite misguided individual who has allowed his indignation against the indecencies of the New York *World* and *Journal* to get the better of his judgment. The object of his bill is to restrain the license of two or three blackguardly newspapers; its effect will be to restrict the liberty of the entire New York press. The "written consent" proviso is of course a mere sham. No newspaper could wait for it; no public man would care to be bombarded with requests for it. General Horace Porter, for instance, is our new ambassador to France. To publish his photograph is legitimate and interesting journalism; and a couple of hundred papers or so jump at the chance of brightening their pages with his warlike features. The General, we may suppose, does not object in this one instance to releasing the copyright of his own face. But unless the public are to be deprived of the pleasure of discussing his special form of beauty over their breakfast-table—a deprivation not lightly to be encountered—the General will have to issue his written permission two hundred times in succession. That takes up a lot of time, besides inducing a habit of cordial submission that is out of place in the diplomatic service. Yet the General would hardly care to depart from America leaving two hundred furious editors—Mr. Dana amongst them—behind him. If he did, Mr. Dana would convict him of Francomania within six months and have him impeached at Washington before the year was out. It would seem simpler to let the newspapers loose on the General's face without restraint.

Amongst other things, this precious bill will abolish political caricatures. That seems a great deal to sacrifice for the pleasure of forcing the New York *World* and *Journal* to be decent. In the last election the cartoons of *Harper's Weekly*, *Puck*, and *Judge* had at least as much influence in deciding the contest as the literature and pamphlets of the Republican party. One recalls Boss Tweed's sincere testimony, delivered twenty years ago. "I do n't care a straw," he said, "for your newspaper articles. My constituents do n't know how to read, but they can't help seeing them damned pictures." It is a pity that "them damned pictures" are to become quite a thing of the past. Of course the bill will really have no such result. It will in fact be entirely inoperative. You cannot slaughter one hundred people on the plea that if ninety-eight are innocent, two at any rate are guilty. The mere fact that the New York *World* is the most unctuous supporter of this preposterous measure is enough to condemn it. It is a serious misfortune that a strong and just reaction against sensational and mendacious journalism should be mixed up with an unjust and unworkable bill which only discredits the cause. The ultimate remedy, as we have always insisted, lies with individuals. The present libel laws are amply sufficient for the protection of private persons. The trouble is that the average New Yorker, even when slandered, does not care to face the worry and publicity of a libel action. He says, "Oh, it's only the *Journal*. Nobody believes them," and goes his way contemptuously indifferent. It is indeed only a healthy and respected press that can rouse people to the point of lawsuits. The wide support given to the Ellsworth Bill, unreasonable as it is, is at best a sign that the public are sick of Mr. Pulitzer's and Mr. Hearst's peculiar methods of journalism. That aversion is being daily encouraged by the libraries and clubs—some fifty in number—that have thrown the *World* and the *Journal* out of their reading-rooms within the past months. All this tends to the manufacture of a sound public opinion on the subject; and public opinion, once roused, will have a far more salutary effect than hasty and intemperate legislation.

When M. Zola presented himself, a few weeks ago, as a candidate for election to the French Academy, an ingenious pamphlet, entitled *Zola, Contre Zola*, was circulated, to prove his unfitness, by selections from his own writings. No comment was offered; the book was simply a collection of Zola's most offensive passages. The novelist's publisher at once brought action for infringement of copyright, as the extracts were printed without permission. The Tribunal of the Seine, however, has decided in favor of the defendant, inasmuch as the object of the publication was, "not to reproduce,

fraudulently, the literary property of another, but to bring out in high relief, in the work of the author of the Rougon-Macquart novels, its profoundly demoralizing character, and consequently the impossibility that the French Academy should admit to its ranks the writer who had produced it." The Tribunal found another reason for its decision, in the fact that the pamphlet did not afford "a complete or even a partial notion" of any given book of Zola's. It is very questionable whether an American court would have passed a similar judgment. The decision indeed shelters almost every conceivable form of pilfering short of wholesale piracy. Any one who wishes to test the difference between French and American law might do worse than make a selection from Mr. Kipling's writings to prove he was acquainted with India, or fond of sea-life, or had a weakness for soldiers. The result would be interesting.

How far is an author entitled to plagiarize from himself? Mr. Justin McCarthy has, time after time, been guilty of stealing, without acknowledgment, from his own writings. Some twenty-five years ago he published a series of biographical sketches entitled *Modern Leaders*. In his *History of Our Own Times*, he incorporated whole passages from his earlier works, without the change of a single word. Would the publisher of *Modern Leaders* have been able to sue the publisher of the *History* for breach of copyright? Mr. McCarthy is now carrying this simple device one step further. In his life of Mr. Gladstone, which is now appearing in the *Outlook*, one is constantly delighted to meet an old friend, in the shape of a sentence or paragraph, taken without mercy from the *History of Our Own Times*. Only once does Mr. McCarthy make any attempt to acknowledge the happy source of his inspiration; and even then he does no more than meagerly hint at it. "An English historian," he remarks, "says that Don Pacifico charged in his bill one hundred and fifty pounds sterling for a bedstead, thirty pounds for the sheets of the bed, twenty-five pounds for two coverlets, and ten pounds for a pillow-case," and the writer adds that "Cleopatra might have been contented with bed furniture so luxurious as Don Pacifico represented himself to have in his common use." Who would have guessed that the author of this illuminating comment was Mr. McCarthy himself?

The new tariff bill, so far as it affects literature and art, is a measure of almost criminal folly. The Wilson bill, it may be remembered, made free of duty all books and pamphlets "printed exclusively in languages other than English"; all English books more than twenty years old, together with engravings, photographs, etchings, music, maps, printed for twenty years; "scientific books and periodi-

cals devoted to original scientific research"; the publications of scientific and literary associations, and the public documents of foreign governments. Another excellent clause in the Wilson bill permitted the free importation to colleges and laboratories of "philosophical and scientific apparatus, utensils, instruments, and preparations." A third clause admitted paintings, in oil or water colors, free of duty. And now, in the place of these wise and humane provisions, the benefits of which have been felt directly or indirectly in every city in the United States, what are we to have? Books, pamphlets, engravings, photographs, etchings, maps, music, charts, are to be taxed twenty-five per cent *ad valorem*. Colleges and laboratories will have to pay a duty of forty-five per cent *ad valorem* on scientific instruments; while a tax of twenty-five per cent *ad valorem* is placed on paintings and statuary. It took years of patient agitation to get the old imposts on education and research abolished. They are now to be reimposed once more, and the claims of the United States to be considered an enlightened country must suffer accordingly.

What a pity it is that Mr. William Winter (forgetting to fancy her a rival of Ada Rehan) does not utilize Miss Julia Marlowe for inspiration. There has never been a subject so befitting his very best, his most poetical, his most beautiful prose. All that he has been wont to say of others in friendship, admiration, or real appreciation could be written of Miss Marlowe with absolute truth. She is individual, and therefore a rival of nobody's. She does not act like Sarah Bernhardt nor like Eleanora Duse, and so cannot be compared with either. Neither is her province the same as Ada Rehan's, even when they act the same plays. They are too utterly unlike in temperament, in method, and in manner to be compared for a moment. With Ellen Terry we come nearer a comparison, partly because of several charming tricks of posture associated with Miss Terry which Miss Marlowe has made her own, and partly because the expression of their art lies much in the same province,—a province, to become geographical, which is bounded by Poetry, Temperament, the most positive and artistic Intelligence, and Personal Charms and Beauty. With Ellen Terry, therefore, Julia Marlowe may be compared, to the detriment of neither. We do not hold with Christopher Marlowe, and several other people who have said it, that comparisons are odious. On the contrary, they are charming, and reasonable, and interesting.

In *For Bonnie Prince Charlie*, the new play in which Miss Marlowe is now acting, she appears to great advantage, but not, we think, to her best. This, however, is merely because the rôle of the beggar-maid is pitched entirely in the minor key, and, in speaking of a performance by her, one likes the opportunity of using such adjectives as winsome, and

mirthful, and such expressions as exquisitely roguish, and piquantly humorous, or, even, tenderly witty. All these charms are found in *Rosalind* and in *Juliet*. But in the new play of the bonnie libertine, to make up for what is not there, Miss Marlowe shows a strength and breadth of dramatic power which have not been seen before in her work. She has gained tremendously in a year. A lack of this strength was the only fault any sane person has ever found with her *Juliet*, and we believe this fault does not exist any longer.

One thing which Miss Marlowe shows in the new play, and which none of her other rôles has called for, is the poetry and soul of patriotism. We doubt if there is another actress on the English-speaking stage who could embody this noble sentiment so simply and so convincingly. It is certain Miss Terry could n't, and now we wish Miss Marlowe could have the opportunity of embodying it in an American play. She would do positive good for her country.

The argument in favor of signed criticism contributed to our last issue by Mr. Charles F. Lummis does not, by any means, represent *THE CHAP-BOOK's* opinions on the subject. As we have explained before, and as our custom proves, we are in favor of anonymous reviews. "A critic," argues Mr. Lummis, "who cannot father his opinion has no opinion worth printing"; but, later on, he stultifies himself by saying that an opinion "is worth just so much as the wit and learning that conceived it, and no more." In other words, the proof of the critic is in the criticism. Then why conjure up a well-known name to give it a magical value it does not possess? A reviewer's work exists, not for the signature's sake, but for its own. It should stand or fall on its own merits. Published anonymously, it no doubt must acquire an added authority from the general reputation of the paper in which it appears. Published with the author's name, it is thought much or little of, according to that author's fame or obscurity. There is a subtle unfairness in both cases. But people will read an anonymous criticism, while they will pass over a review that is written by some one they have never heard of. Were there no other reasons, this alone would incline us to adopt the anonymous system. Mr. Lummis demands that the public know the reviewer's name, that it may, by his attainments, know something of the value of his critique. This seems to us to be imposing an entirely needless amount of research work upon the public. The public does not know who and what the many reviewers are, and why they are fitted for their task. That is the editor's business; and it is his economic justification that he spares the public this labor. What Mr. Lummis really demands is, not the name of the critic alone, but a fairly exhaustive sketch of his past life, duly endorsed certificates of his attainments, and perhaps even a por-

trait, as a hint of his personality. It is possible for the public, in the long run, to judge something of the editor's fitness for his task, by the "wit and learning" found in the critiques he offers, and it does not seem unfair that in time the criticisms in his paper should be accorded a certain prestige.

In addition, the suppression of the signature seems to us to make for a greater candor by destroying those thousand impalpable ties of friendship and social life, which harass the critic who moves among the very men he is called upon to review. Mr. James Payn seems to us to have put the matter very sensibly and succinctly. "The critic ought to be impersonal. You do n't speak of a man, *even when you praise him*, exactly as you speak to him—it's impossible, and if you write a criticism of your friend's work and sign it with your name, you're speaking directly to him. It must influence your point of view; it's inevitable, it can't be helped."

Do away with anonymity, and sooner or later the log-roller will arise and bless you.

Every lover of literature who has a moment's leisure on his hands ought to take a hand in building up the Dictionary of American Dialect now in course of construction under the direction of the American Dialect Society. The committee are anxious to secure more volunteers for this admirable undertaking, and they ought not to appeal in vain. All who are willing to assist by reading books and noting down the peculiar uses of words found in them should communicate with Prof. O. F. Emerson, Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Clarence Rook, in his article on Anthony Hope, published in the last issue of *THE CHAP-BOOK*, had this to say about that agreeable author's attitude towards a common literary vice: "He does not even lecture, as so many of our younger writers do, nor has he the least intention of lecturing, for the quaintly original reason that he has nothing to lecture about." Mr. Hope must have grown suddenly tired of his splendid isolation, or else his stock of quaint originality must have run unexpectedly low, for we learn from *The Critic* that Major Pond has opened up negotiations with him for a lecturing tour in the States, and not without hopes of success. Major Pond is not the man to accept as final the trivial excuse that Mr. Hope has nothing to lecture about. Mr. Howells, it is announced, is also to take to the platform with a course of fifty addresses on novel-writing and novel-reading. Another of the Major's missionaries, Mr. Paul Dunbar, the negro poet, is at present astonishing the natives in London with readings from his own poems. But the climax will be reached when that mellifluous apostle of sweetness, Mr. Cable, commences his English tour. Let us hope he will be in his best adjectival form, as he was at the Barrie dinner. The English have

already taken fright and are sitting out the old campaigner, Mr. Hall Caine, for another American invasion. These international hostilities ought really to cease. We are no match for the English at this game. The immense Bodley Head reserve has not yet been drawn upon. Mr. Grant Allen and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne are still to come.

It is evident that Mr. James Knapp Reeve is not the only one who brings an ingenious mind to the search for the small savings of Araminta, who wants to be an "authoress." In order to publish in the *American Home Magazine* she must purchase a fifty-dollar share. But rival enterprise has produced another magazine which will print her article if she will agree to buy two hundred copies of the issue at five cents each. "This," say the publishers to her in their letter, "will bring your name as a magazine-writer direct to the attention of your friends, together with the opportunity of submitting to publications of a more pretentious character already published contributions of which you are the author." Araminta saving her pennies, and dreaming of the compelling influence which her article on *Life and Art* in some "*Home Magazine*" will have on the editor of *The Century*, is a picture as abominably pathetic as it is ludicrous.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731 is found this quaint musical criticism: "When a song is good sense, it must be made nonsense before it is made musick, so when a song is nonsense there's no other way, but by singing it, to make it seem tolerable sense."

Most of us have, at times, sat in our seat at the opera, and thought that indeed there was no other way than by the extraordinary singing of the star cast to make the artificiality of the musical drama seem "tolerable sense." Mme. Bernhardt expressed this same mood some time since when she said to Mme. Calvé: "When will you stop singing? You are too intelligent to sing. You can act. And singing—c'est stupide, c'est bête. If you sing 'Je t'aime' what does it signify?—but when you say it, then—!"

Mme. Calvé's views on the artificiality of opera might be judged by her rendering of the "Jewel Song" in *Faust*. For the first time it is sung as a laughing-song, and not as a mere crackling of pyrotechnics. This impulse for naturalness in a singer usually leads to a desire to sing Wagnerian opera, where the artificiality is at least minimized. But Mme. Calvé is even more radical than this. Her dream is of a drama which shall have not incidental music, but a running accompaniment. On the stage the acting may be absolutely natural and direct, while the music constantly explains and reinforces the action. Pantomime, in short, with the speeches left in, if one may be allowed the phrase. To some this may appeal as an absurd amplification of the conventional "slow music"; to others,

possibly to young dramatists and musicians, it may seem logical, beautiful, and possible.

The question of the popularity of poetry is one which it seems must be a perpetual enigma to editors and an unending despair to publishers. It is usually stated with assurance that verse is impossible as a business venture. Yet among our newer publishing firms at least two houses of taste have made verse their specialty, and it is undoubtedly true that the eminence of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. among publishers is due to the verse on their list. The number of writers of verse is increasing yearly, but it is by no means sure that the number of readers increases in the same ratio. Many people feel a delicate hesitancy in saying frankly that poetry bores them; the suspicion cannot but come at times that reading of verse is too often a polite fiction. We do not care to undertake a profound study of the matter, but it occurs to us that absolutely sincere replies to the following list of questions—taken somewhat at random—would throw light on some interesting phases of the greater question, and do something towards solving it.

Can you read poetry? Do you?

Can you estimate the proportion of verse and prose in your reading?

Do you read long poems? or only short ones?

What poetry written in the last twenty years do you really enjoy most?

Do James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field appeal to you strongly?

Do you enjoy the sentimental verse or the heroic more? or do you care for the mystic?

Do you enjoy Bliss Carman's work?

Do you care for descriptive verse—after Wordsworth?

Who is the most gifted writer of verse now living? Who comes second? Who comes third? This is a personal expression of opinion.

What poet, if any, of the first three quarters of this century do you most enjoy?

What earlier poet?

Aside from Shakspeare do you ever read the poems of any writer who lived before the eighteenth century?

Do you ever read Milton? Did you ever read *Paradise Lost*, except in school or college?

Do you ever read Pope? Did you ever read anything by Pope except in school or college?

Please state, without reference to books, when you think Herrick was born.

Do you enjoy Wordsworth? Can you name five poems by him?

Did you ever read Byron, except in school or college or Venice? Have you read any Byron since?

If you read verse at all now, what do you read?

Excepting contemporaneous poetry, is your present reading of verse practically limited to the selections in the *Golden Treasury*?

THE GREAT PLAYGROUND

IT has seemed to many thoughtful people, within the last fifty or sixty years, that Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations* is altogether mistaken in its assumption that the open-air world is dearer to the child than to the man, or that the heaven which so easily fuses with it in our idea lies nearer to the former than to the latter. Some abnormally perceptive child (like the infant W. W. himself) may have a clear sense of "glory in the grass, of splendor in the flower." But the appreciation of natural objects is infinitely stronger, let us say, in the babe of thirty. So is the appreciation of the diversions which they provide. Were it not for the prospects of unforeseen and adventurous company abroad, the child prefers to play in the house. But the post-meridian child, who is not a "grown-up," but only a giant, has an infuriate desire for "the house not made with hands"; he has a delicate madness in his blood the moment he breathes wild air. Scipio and Lælius cannot keep, to save them, from stone-skipping on the strand, though they have come out for purposes of political conversation. Poets and bookmen are famous escapers of this sort. Surrey shooting his toy arrows at lighted windows; Shelley sailing his leaves and bank-notes on the Hampstead ponds; Dr. Johnson, of all people, rolling down the fragrant Lincolnshire hills; dear Elizabeth Inchbald ("a beauty and a virtue," as her epitaph at Kensington prettily says) lifting door-knockers on April evenings, and running away, for the innocent deviltry of it,—these have discovered the fun and the solace of out-of-doors at a stroke, and with a conscious rapture impossible to their juniors. Master Robin Hood, Earl of Huntingdon, probably kept to his perfectly exemplary brigandage because he liked the "shaws shene" and objected to going home at nightfall. No child ever had certain romantic joys which come of intimacies with creation. That he may write a letter upon birch-bark, that he may eat a mushroom from the broken elm-trunk and drink the blood of the maple, that he may woo a squirrel from the oak, a frog from the marsh, or even a twelve-tined buck from his fastness, to be caressed and fed, strikes him as an experiment, not as an honor. It will not do to say that the worship of the natural world is an adult passion: it is quite the contrary; but only certain adults exemplify it. Coleridge, in the *Biographia Litteraria*, has a very beautiful theory, and a profoundly true one. "To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day, for perhaps forty years, have made familiar:

'With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,
And man and woman,'—

this is the character and privilege of genius." The true faun-heart is the child conscious and retrieved, the child by law established in happy natures, I knew one boy of six who met an ugly gypsy in a lane, and who, on being asked whether he would like to go and live with her, replied in Americanese, with slow-breathed transports: "Oh-ee, yup!" In his mind was an instant vision of a bed suspended among leaves; and the clatter and glitter of the sacred leaves had nearly stolen his soul away. But he was not a common boy. His nurse being close behind, he was providentially saved that time, to be abducted later by much more prosaic influences. Nor has the love of Nature, of late so laboriously instilled into the young, thanks to Froebel's impetus, made much progress among its small supposed votaries. The examination-papers, which in a lustier age began with, "Who dragged Which around the walls of What?" now stoop to other essentials:

"The wood-spurge has a cup of three."

Yet, unless misled by the tender cant of their elders, even the modern Master and Missy would rather find and examine the gas-meter than the wood-spurge.

In his best estate, the out-of-doorling hunts not, neither fishes: he simply moves or sits, in eternal amalgamation with the eternal: an enchanted toper of life and death, one with all that has ever been, or shall ever be: convinced that "there is a piece of divinity in us which is older than the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun." He is generally silent, because his sincere speech cannot be what we call sane. No one, however, who is truly content in the sought presence of Nature can be sure that it is she who gives him all or even most of his comfort. It is only the poetic fashion to say so. It is at least doubtful if Nature be not, in her last exquisiteness, for the man already independent of her. There are those who may accost her, not as a petitioner, but as one sovereign to another in a congress of the powers. Moral poise is the true passport, not a fine eye for "the leopard-colored trees" in late autumn, nor an ear for the bold diapasons of the surge. The man of vanities and ambitions and agitated fears may as well go to the football-game, for the woods are cold to him. The lover, indeed, is notoriously rural while his fit lasts; he has been known to float into a mosquito-marsh, obliviously reading *Tristram of Lyonesse*. But so oblique a cult as his can count for nothing with the Mother. Her favorite spite is to deepen melancholy, as her prayer and purpose are to enhance joy. Not primary in her functions, she waits upon the man's anterior dispositions and gives her delights, as Fortuna is said to do, to the indifferent. But he shall not be indifferent after: her praise drips honey-bright from his lip. If any question him:

"Oh, tell me whence that joy doth spring
Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears Heaven like a bridal ring?"

he may say that it is the possessing love of Nature which makes his day so rich. She, meanwhile, could put a gloss upon that plausible text. The order and peace in him had first subjugated her terrible heart.

No babe, indeed, is born other than wild: he springs up on the farther border of civilization. Happy for him if he can find his way back, with waking choice, even once a year, in his maturity, to recapture the perfect condition and subject to it his own developed faculties. How many have suffered the pure epic homesickness, the longing for decivilization, which has drawn them "to discover islands far away," or to roam without purpose at all, like Alastor and the Scholar Gypsy! Observe that in all tradition the courtesies of the countryside are showered on the race of the deliberately glad. Magdalen of Pazzi, alone in the cloister-garden, rapturously catching up the roses to her face, and extolling Him who made them fair, signifies much: not only that she was dowered with the keen perception of beauty, — hardly that at all: but that she was at the apex of moral sanity, which has as much right to be passionate with beauty as the sun itself. It is inconceivable that barbarians should admire the sunset: though it is not inconceivable that they should — *temporis mutandis!* — say that they do so. For one of the earmarks of our latter-day culture is this patronal relish of the works of the Most High. Literature is overballasted with "descriptive passages," which the reader skips, but which no self-respecting author can afford to do without. We talk incessantly of the hills and the sea, and the flora and fauna thereof; and impudently take it for granted that we alone have arrived at the proper inwardness of these things. In naught have we more wronged the Middle Ages than in denying to them an intimate knowledge and love of scenic detail. One glance at their cathedral capitals, at leaves, rose-haws, antlers, cobwebs, and shells carven in stone as old as the tenth century, should have been corrective of foolish depreciation of a people far nearer to the heart of things than we. The common dislike of gypsies is, perhaps, another revelation of jealousy: for we are not the Mother's favored children. Us she consigns to starched linen, and roofs, retorts of carbonic-acid gas: would we sleep again on her naked breast, we come nome to endure jibes, and incur the sniffles.

Well may the "sylvan" (a dear Elizabethan word gone into the dust-heap) feel that he is manumitted and exempt. He has no occasion to grow up. He looks with affectionate strangeness on his life past, as on his life to come, thinking it a solecism to anticipate decay where hitherto no decay has been, or where, indeed, if it has been, he "has the wit never to know it." The Heaven which lies around us in our infancy is always there afterwards, waiting in vain, for the most part, for reciprocations. Symbolisms, sacraments abound in the natural world, and to avail one's self of them is to regain

and retain fleeting good, and to defy the time-dragon's tooth with a smile as of immortality. Devotion to a blackberry-pasture and a swimming-pool confers youth on the devotee, provided he has not to pick fruit nor rescue ribald little boys for a living. A traveled man, a man of the world, has a ripe expert look: one says of him, admiring his talk and his manners, that he bears his age with grace. But nothing is so ageless as a sailor: he can bear his age neither well nor ill, for the obvious reason. In his hard cheek and blue eye are innocence, readiness, zest, taciturnity, daring, shyness, truth: all the fine wild qualities which "they that sit in parlors never dream of." It is not a physiological fact alone that for health's sake you must be in league with the open. Whoever clings to it for love, is known by his superior simplicity and balance. Many a coast-guardsmen, or scout in the Canadian forest, has achieved the complete power which is mistakenly supposed to come, like an imposition of hands, upon the educated; and he gets this inestimable accolade, mark you, merely by smelling sea-kelp and sassafras, and welcoming a rainstorm as a pleasant sort of fellow: by the exercise of sheer natural piety, whose processes turn about, and hit back by keeping him young. Would you perpetrate an elfin joke on such a one, present him with a calendar: the urban and domestic accuser. To register time, and consult its phases scientifically, is to give it a deplorable advantage over you. A brook scoffs at birthdays: and many a violet errs in chronology, and sidles forth at Martinmas. It is the shepherd-boy in the *Arcadia* who "pipes as if he should never grow old": marry, it is not anybody in a theater orchestra! Which, think you, died the younger, Madame Récamier or the Nut-brown Maid? The victory is not with cosmetics. To the soirées of the hermit-thrush, tan is your only wear. He who comes closest to the heart-beat of progress and dissolution in the wilderness, the vicissitudes of the vegetable world, must feel that, save in an allegory, these things are not for him: they go under him, like a swimmer's wave. "Change upon change: yet one change cries out to another, like the alternate seraphim, in praise and glory of their Maker." The human atom gets into the mood of the according leaf, caring not how long it has hung there, how soon it may fall. God's will, in short, is nowhere so plain and acceptable as on a lonely stretch of moor or blue water. Who can feel it so keenly in the town? The town has never allowed man to guess his superiority to it: creature of his own exaggerations, it crows him, and compels him to remember, in his unrest, that he is no longer a spirit, no longer a boy.

At Hampton Court, in the Great Hall, in the left lower corner of the rich pagan borderings of one of the Old Testament tapestries (that of the Circumcision of Isaac), there is a tiny, delicate, faded figure of a lad, all in soft duns and dusty golds. He wears

curious sandals; a green chaplet is on his brow; a hare hangs over his shoulder; he carries a stocked quiver and a spear. His look is one of sweet sensuous idleness and joy. He is centuries old, but to him the same sun is shining in the aromatic alleys of the forest. He does not know that there is a very fine perpendicular roof over him, and he has never noticed the kings and their courts who have been blown away like smoke from before his path. The parent and the schoolmaster who taught him have also fallen to dust. But for him the hunt and the moist morning: for him the immortal pastoral life! We used to see him often, and we saw him once again, after a long interval. His charm was all that it had ever been: but at the accost, he brought hot tears of envy to the eyes. All those years, those years of ours and the world's, wasted in prison on casuist industries, he had been out of doors, he had been playing! How some of us have always meant to do just that for ever, and that only! for why not do the sole thing one can do perfectly? But an indoor demon, one Duty, a measly Eden-debarring angel, armed with platitudes, has somehow clogged our career. Were it not for a cloud of responsibilities, a downpour of Things to Do, one might be ever at the other side of window-panes, and see Pan twelve hours a day. Ah, little Vita Silvestris! Blamelessly may we feel that you have found the way, and that we have missed it, growing gray at a silly desk, and sure only of this: that presently we shall indeed find ourselves inside four sycamore planks, so that all the dryads in their boles, watching our very best approximation to their envied estate, shall smile to see. But thereafter, at least, and for good, we are where we belong, "*sub dio*, under the canopy of heaven," and ready for the elemental game.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

IN CHINA

WITH wings green and black and a dafodil breast,
He flies day and night, without song,
without rest,

Through summer, through winter,—the cloudy, the clear,—

Encircling the sun in the round of the year.

But now that it's April, and shiny, oh, now
That nests are a-building, and bloom's on the bough,

Alight, pretty rover, and get you a mate—

Our almond's in blossom—fly out of the plate!

WILLIAM CANTON.



CONCERNING LOVE AND THE STARS

IN the land where I was born, they tell a story of the stars. I heard it when I was a child, from my nurse. She has been dust these many years, but her story is fresh in my memory. As she told it to me then, I tell it to you now, that you may the better understand the ending of my own tale. Thus it ran:

There are many, many stars in the sky, as you may see, and yet there is one less than formerly. For, long, long ago there lived a little boy who loved to watch them. Indeed, he often watched them so steadily that he could not help blinking his eyes. And then the sleepy little stars would blink back at him, which made him feel very friendly towards them. And he used to wish, sometimes, that they had the power of speech. He thought that they ought to know many wonderful things, being so old and seeing so much. And he would have loved to listen to the stories they doubtless tell among themselves to while away the hours of their eternal watch.

One day he said to his mother: "Mamma, what *are* the stars?"

"They are a flock of golden sheep that God drives forth at night to feed in His pasture in the sky."

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to his father. "Papa, what are the stars?"

"They are red-hot nails that hold the sky fast to the bottom of God's throne and keep it from crashing down upon our heads."

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to his mother's sister. "Auntie, what are the stars?"

"The sky is the Virgin's pin-cushion, and the stars are the heads of the pins which she —"

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to his father's brother. "Uncle, what are the stars?"

"They are the eyes of truant boy-angels, peeping through holes in the big blue tent that incloses what they call a circus and we call the planetary system."

"H'm!" said the little boy, turning to the old woman who told him so many wonderful stories of wonderful things during the blue midsummer nights. "Nurse, what are the stars?"

"Well," answered the old woman, "some say that the stars are the tears of the dead, which turn into gold and glow. But *I* say —"

"Yes?" said the little boy eagerly.

"*I* say that only God knows!"

The little boy looked disappointed. Then he raised his head and gazed steadily upward.

"I suppose," he said, after a silence, "that I shall never know what the stars really are."

"Not until you go among them. And may the hour of your going be late, my darling!" said the old woman.

The little boy continued to gaze toward the stars. For a long time he watched them.

"I wonder," he said, finally, "how many stars there are in all?"

No one answered him; so he said: "Mamma, how many stars are there?"

"Very many!"

"Papa, do you know?"

"Multitudes!"

"Auntie, do you know?"

"A skyful!"

"Uncle, do you?"

"More than enough!"

"Nurse," said the little boy wistfully, "can you tell me how many stars there are?"

"My child," she answered, "this is the saying of my people: *From the roof upward, the knowledge of things is in God's keeping! He knows, and He only, for He made them and has lived among them ever since.*"

But the little boy was not content with this. He kept on wondering how many stars there were, and wishing that some one would tell him. But none did, because none knew. And that night, when everybody else was asleep, the little boy rose from his bed and went out on the verandah and sat down to count the stars.

All night long he counted and counted, one after another; and at last, when dawn's eyelids were beginning to quiver in the east, the little boy had counted all save one, which was so very small and so faint that at first he had failed to see it.

So he counted that also. And when he had done so, the little star began to rise. And the little boy's soul left his body and rose with the star, above the clouds and above St. Iago's Road, which some call the Milky Way, and above all the other stars. For it was his own star! And it is written that one may not count one's star.

He is the only one, this curious little boy, who ever knew how many stars there are. Yet it is not well to have the knowledge of it. Therefore, when any one asks you how many stars shine nightly in the sky, you may answer in this wise: Last night there were as many as the blades of grass in the prairie; to-night they are as waves in the sea.

And you must never point your finger at your own star, and you must never count it — unless you wish to die, like the little boy.

It was thus that she told me the story of the fate of the little boy who counted the stars — which for many nights thereafter kept me with head bowed and eyes persistently gazing earthward. I did not wish to take any unnecessary risks with my precious existence. Only love has the power to make one reckless of one's life in a time of peace. I was rash, through love — rash to the point of suicide.

How? Before I tell you, my memory must leap across the chasm of the years, on whose other side stands my tiny lady-love of that story-time!

Aye, little night-eyed maid of my childhood's rompings! It is many years since I left the sea-girt town where you lived and loved, and where I lived and loved you and suffered for it. I do not know where you are to-day. It may be that your eyes now compel psalms of love from passionate hearts, or sad-tuned serenades from plaintive mandolins — as they once forced tears from my eyes. Or it may be, though I hope not, that you sleep in the God's-acre at the end of the palm-bordered driveway, and that the beautiful red roses and the pale pure jasmines now grow over your grave, as they did over other people's tombs in the days when you and I felt their scent and longed to pluck them, but dared not, because our servants called them the Flowers of the Dead, and told us they held in their petals the secrets of the Buried Folk.

I have almost forgotten your name, and your face rises before me dimly — vague and blurred, like the indistinct faces seen in dreams. Even now, all I see is: Two eyes, dark as the night, and as deep — two eyes that mock me, as they were wont to mock me in the old days; and a profusion of soft black curls that shake a bold defiance in my face — as they often did, years ago! I have forgotten much, my little companion, but *this* I do remember well: That one day, when you were seven and I was ten, you not only refused to play with me, but even started to build a series of imposing sand forts with the ostentatious assistance of a hated rival, on whom I could not be revenged then and there, because his mother stood by.

You asked me to be assistant to your clumsy architect, but I declined. And I walked away with head erect, but with breaking heart, whistling loudly, but with my eyes full of tears. And you called out after me: "Sulky Peter, could n't eat 'er! I am glad you are going — glad! *glad!! GLAD!!!*"

It followed me, your voice, a long way. And all that afternoon your shrill monosyllable, expressive of your joy over my departure, rang in my ears. I said nothing to any one; but I grew more and more desperate as the day wore on.

By bedtime I had decided upon a terrible deed. And after waiting until I thought that everybody in the house was sound asleep, I rose from my bed, and pulling a chair to the window, sat down and confronted the impassive night.

The watchful little stars seemed more numerous than ever before. But I was not dismayed. The thought of your fickleness gave me the strength of bitter despair. The thought of the little boy's fate, and of his beautiful and speedy vanishing, gave me the strength of sweet hope.

Thus doubly fortified I drew in a deep breath, which is the inarticulate prayer of fear, and tremblingly began to count the stars!

I commenced in the west, for I believed, though I do not know why, that my own star was in the east, and I did not wish to make the tragedy too

abrupt. So I counted, very deliberately — first those that were big and bright and easy to see, and then the tiny baby-stars which always blink, so that you can never tell whether they are a score or a hundred. Ever eastward I counted my way among them, drawing nearer and nearer to the fatal spot where I believed my own doomed star to be shining palely, like the little boy's in the story.

I counted on, wearily, until the little stars began to move in groups, zigzagging languidly across the heavens; and pale blue stars slid smoothly over the glassy floor above me; and pure white stars — the jasmines of the sky — circled like romping children about a very bright star, which I now know to have been Venus. All of them, the whirling stars and the immobile — I counted them all, that night, until at last I counted my own star!

And then my soul rose swiftly, above the tiled roofs of the city, and above the moaning palm tops, and above the clouds, until I was climbing, ladderwise, from one star to another; leaping fearlessly from planet to planet, ever upward; past the moon, past Venus, past the Milky Way, until I saw constellations below and I had to look downward to see the stars at all. Higher and higher went my soul, until I began to tremble at the thought that God's house could not be far off — and then all grew dark!

My mother found me asleep in the chair the next morning. She asked me the reason and I told her. And she smiled; but when she bent over to kiss me I saw that her eyes were very moist.

Later in the day she took me to your house. And there she told your mother what I had told her that morning. And your mother called me to her and kissed me, and asked me if I loved you very, *very* much, O my little companion with the midnight eyes and the soft black curls!

But before I could muster courage to answer, you came into the room and your mother asked me to tell you my story.

I did.

"But it was only a dream, and you did n't count *all* the stars, after all," you said, scornfully. And, turning your back upon me, refused to heed your mother, who was telling you to kiss me!

EDWIN LEFÈVRE.

THE SISTERS

THE waves forever move;
The hills forever rest;
Yet each the heavens approve,
And Love alike hath blessed
A Martha's household care,
A Mary's cloistered prayer.

JOHN B. TABB.



THE GRAND OPERA FIASCO

AS a purely business enterprise, grand opera is a very poor proposition. It is only within recent years, and in this country, that people have thought it necessary, or even possible, to give grand opera without outside financial support of one kind or another. Even in New York, where grand opera has come to be recognized as a permanent social and artistic institution, its financial history has been one of toil and stress. Many still remember the disastrous financial outcome of the first operatic season given at the Metropolitan Opera House under the direction of Mr. Henry E. Abbey, whereby that enterprising and liberal manager lost very near a half million dollars. During the eight or ten seasons when German opera ruled supreme at the Metropolitan, not one single season passed without the stockholders being called upon to make good a greater or less deficit.

It is only within the last three or four years and since the reopening of the Metropolitan after its destruction by fire, that a regular season of grand opera has ever shown a profit at the close, and this has been largely due to the altogether extraordinary company of artists which Messrs. Abbey and Grau were enabled to gather together, and which during the past few years has given opera in New York and elsewhere as perhaps it never has been given before in this or any other country. On beginning their present tenancy of the Metropolitan Opera House, Messrs. Abbey and Grau started out with the avowed intention of breaking up that operatic bane and pestilence, the single star system. This they certainly did, and most effectually, by giving to their audiences, not one star in a cast, but a cast composed of stars. But in so doing they would seem at the present time to have reformed one evil only to create another, which is likely to have even more serious and pernicious results. Having pampered the American public for several years past with operatic casts such as rarely, if ever, had been seen before, and having thus rendered them both hypercritical and exacting, the management now sees this same public turn and rend it when it falls off in the slightest degree from its own dangerously high standard.

One of the causes for the failure of the operatic season just ended in Chicago was the dissatisfaction and sense of ill-treatment generally felt and expressed by the public because one or two of the stars promised by the management failed, through causes entirely beyond control, to put in an appearance. It was certainly not the fault of the Abbey and Grau management that Mme. Melba had a cold and temporarily lost her voice, or that Mme. Eames was so seriously ill that her life was even despaired of; and yet this was given as a reason by many people for not attending performances, which, to tell

the truth, suffered in no wise, or very little, by the absence of these artists. It would seem that the public who attend opera have now reached a point where they care little, or not at all, what the opera itself may be, so long as the singer or singers that they wish to hear are in the cast; in other words, they go to see the individual, and not the opera. This personal attitude of the public towards Art is entirely subversive to its best interests, and one which is fraught with danger to its very existence; for if people will not go to see an operatic performance, however good it may be from an artistic standpoint, unless Melba, Eames, or Calvé, the de Reszkes, Plancon, Lassalle, or Nordica are in the cast, what in heaven's name is to become of opera when these great artists leave the lyric stage? What indeed would become of it now if pestilence or famine were to intervene and carry them all off?

The proposition which this attitude on the part of the public involves is manifestly an absurd one; for in all the principal capitals of Europe first-class opera is being given regularly for nine or ten months in the year without, in many instances, a single artist of world-wide reputation, and it is enjoyed, too, by thousands of real music-lovers, which I am inclined to think we in this country are not.

Another feeling on the part of the public which certainly had something to do with lessening the attendance at the Auditorium was that which I heard expressed by many people, who said, "Why should we want to go and hear all these old operas again? We have heard them scores of times, and are tired of the most of them. Why cannot the management give us something new and fresh,—make the repertoire a little less conventional, and a little more modern and progressive in spirit?"

The question involved by these and similar remarks affects vitally the very existence of opera as a form of entertainment. The experience of several past seasons in New York has shown that the public do not want operatic novelties. They want to be sure of hearing something that they like, something that has already been tested by the experience of years, before they are willing to spend their money to see it. The various novelties offered by the management in New York during the past several seasons have, without exception, been financial failures, so that there has been little inducement for a management to incur the heavy expenses necessary properly to mount a new opera when experience has shown that the public will not respond to its endeavors with their interest and support. And the Chicago public would seem to be of the same mind; for when Boito's *Mefistofele*, practically a novelty to Chicago opera-goers, was presented, with a superb cast including Mme. Calvé, the house was one of the smallest of the season.

But from another point of view this question of operatic novelty is an even graver one. Given, on

the part of a management, the purpose, the desire, and the necessary well-filled purse even to force operatic novelties on the public regardless of the financial outcome, where are such operatic novelties to come from? where are they to be found? Managers all over Europe are looking eagerly for them, and find none. It is true that new operas are constantly being produced abroad, but their artistic merit seems questionable, and their vitality small, for after a few performances they are generally laid away and never heard of again. During the last decade the new operas which have had any considerable vogue, or even a reasonable term of existence, might readily be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

What is the reason that operatic art from a productive standpoint seems dead at the present time? that there is such stagnation, such lack of original material, valuable enough to interest managers and please the public?

An eminent English critic writing nearly a dozen years ago on the possible, and to him probable, evil results of the overweening influence exercised by Wagner on operatic art, and the consequent effect of such influence on composers who, owing to it, would, he thought, be tempted to imitate Wagner rather than create for themselves, pertinently says: "All this warns us of serious danger. Danger that the free course of Art may be paralyzed by a soulless mannerism worthy only of the meanest copyist. Danger, on the other hand, of a reaction which will be all the more violent and unreasonable in proportion to the amount of provocation needed to excite it. Between these two perils, stagnation and reaction, which beset our path like 'a ditch on one side and a quagmire on the other,' we shall in all probability come to some considerable amount of grief." It looks very much as if this prediction was to be fully realized, and that we have already come to a considerable amount of grief in matters operatic, taking this year's operatic season in Chicago as an indication. Stagnation certainly now exists; the reaction, in my judgment, is bound to come in the direction of simpler forms and more lucid and less involved expression of idea, and a return to purer, simpler melody.

It would not surprise me to see the clarity of Mozart, rather than the turgidity of Wagner, the fetic of the coming generation of operatic composers. But the fact remains, and it can hardly be gainsaid, however you choose to put it, that, for the time being at least, Wagner—in spite of the colossal work that he accomplished, and the many and needed reforms which he worked—has killed modern opera, and what the future of it may be is indeed a difficult problem to solve. Possibly people do not consider all these things when buying tickets for an operatic season, but their influence is present just the same, and makes itself felt in a greater or less degree.

One fact is certain, and that is, that grand opera, particularly given in the perfect way we now require it should be, always has been, and always will be, a luxury. Somebody must pay for it beside the regular public, and when we make up our minds to this fact, and provide for this inevitable condition of affairs, we shall not need to worry so much as to the why and the wherefore of the financial outcome of a season.

Although general conditions as indicated above certainly affected the Chicago opera season as they did that in New York, I am of the opinion that purely local causes had more to do with the immediate result. Probably the most important and influential factor in the situation was the commercial depression, the "hard times" from which we are now suffering.

I think, too, there was a decided feeling abroad that Chicago had been slighted in being given its opera so late; just at the beginning of Lent, at the fag end of the season, when every one had fulfilled his social obligations as far as he wanted to by entertaining in another way the people whom he felt indebted to. Society (with a big S) is always the supporter of grand opera most to be depended on, and it is certain that society did not turn out this year in anything like the large numbers of previous years to support operatic performances at the Auditorium.

And for this there is a special reason which may not have occurred to many. For fourteen weeks every year — that is, during the greater part of the social season — the Metropolitan in New York has come to be looked upon as the recognized social rendezvous and meeting-place. It is obviously impossible for the Auditorium to be regarded in this light, with an opera season lasting only four weeks. The opportunity for social meeting afforded by the Metropolitan in New York is, in Chicago, supplied by the weekly Thomas concerts, for which Society takes boxes, and which Society attends regularly, quite as much to meet and converse — one must speak the truth, however regretfully — as to hear the excellent music provided by Mr. Thomas. Hence the opera in Chicago becomes to Society merely an amusement, like a great many others, and thus loses one of its most potent elements of attractiveness. In former years in Chicago the concerts were not patronized to the extent that they now are, and consequently the opera gave to Chicago the social opportunity which it then lacked, and was therefore much more enthusiastically welcomed and largely attended.

While it is perhaps difficult to see just how, under the circumstances, it could be arranged otherwise, it was certainly not to the advantage of the management to be obliged to give so many performances of opera during so limited a period of time. No community, however musical, or however enthusiastic about opera, can attend six performances of opera a week and live. While

Chicago, in point of population, is perhaps now quite as large as New York proper, it certainly has not the suburban population on which to draw; and, as I was informed by the management, the attendance at the performances of opera at the Auditorium from out of town this year was smaller than ever before. The hard times would be ample and sufficient reason to account for this, without looking further. Then, again, in New York the suburban towns are near at hand, while in Chicago they are much farther off; and whereas in New York a person can attend a performance of the opera in the city and return home the same night, a visit to the opera from one of the towns about Chicago would generally involve stopping in town over night.

No one, or even two, of any of the above reasons would have been sufficient to account for the paucity of attendance at the opera during the present season; but taken altogether, and coming at the same time, they are surely sufficient to account for a result which we must all regret.

From a purely artistic standpoint there was certainly no reason in the world why the season should not have been a success. As remarked above, the absence of any two artists, however great, from so large an *ensemble* could affect the performances as a whole very little. The various operas were given with practically the same casts as in New York, and in many cases, owing to the superior facilities of the Auditorium, with even better effect in the way of stage setting and lighting; while the fact cannot be too strongly commented on, that, just as they were, the performances, all in all, were very much better than one would be likely to see in any of the foreign musical capitals, not excepting London. Even allowing all the causes mentioned to have had their due and full effect, and more, on the situation, it cannot be that the American public are vitally interested in opera for itself.

There is another point which may or may not have affected the situation under discussion, but which is bound to have some bearing and influence on the operatic situation as a whole, and that in the near future. And this is, that, in spite of our many hyphenated nationalities, we are, as a matter of fact, an English-speaking people. The more cultivated and intelligent we become, the less are we inclined to follow the old proverb and accept "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*." I think we are getting a little weary of hearing opera in foreign tongues. Whether in German, French, or Italian, it matters little, as comparatively few of us understand them, and we are beginning to want opera in a language that we can understand.

I have predicted for some time past that we were bound to come to opera in English in this country; and as there is always a supreme satisfaction in being able to say, "I told you so," it is with no inconsiderable amount of pleasure and personal gratifi-

cation that I hear the news that another season in New York it is proposed to give opera three times a week in English, beginning, of course, with the well-known operas already translated, and by degrees putting the entire repertoire into the vernacular. I venture to predict that this will notably increase the interest felt in operatic performances by the public at large, who, after all, go to the theater or opera principally to be amused, and are not likely to be much amused by what they do not understand. The interest will be the greater if having the well-known operas sung in English shall pave the way for original operas with English text by native composers.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

GOD'S MUSIC

TIS said that one who hears from heights remote
The mingling of the voices of the earth —

The whirr of the wheels, the cries of death and birth,
The clang of bells, and all the sounds that float
From every stirring thing and living throat —
Discerns nor crash, nor clash, nor grief, nor mirth,
But hears, instead, one tone of certain worth,
And that each city has its special note.

To Him who holds the key of sky and sod
A thousand years are as a single day,
And nations rise and sing, and turn to clay,
Their voices hushed beneath the voiceless clod;
Yet on Time's mighty stave their brief notes may
Make one grand anthem for the ear of God.

The planets are the tireless wheels of Time,
That move obedient to a mighty will —
A boundless force, unseen, immutable —
That hurls them on in harmony sublime.
And through all ages men have sought to climb,
By devious ways, dim mountain peaks until
They might behold from Science' topmost hill

The hidden scheme of God's eternal rhyme.

Perhaps when Life's poor story had been told,
Beyond these sequences of flower and snow —
Earth's limitations and the pain of tears —
God's universal score may be unrolled,
And with a larger vision we may know
The technic of the "music of the spheres."

RUTH MCENERY STUART.
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



CORRESPONDENCE

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

IHAVE read with much interest Mr. Arthur Morrison's rejoinder to Mr. H. D. Traill's "The New Realism." I presume that my opinion will not add much weight, but *A Child of the Jago*, as a reproduction of the life led by numbers of people in a certain quarter of the East End of London, is one of the notable books of the year. Mr. Traill evidently does not believe that such things as are portrayed in Mr. Morrison's book have any foundation, or, to say the best, he believes that the author has indulged in gross exaggeration. One word. For three years I lived within a stone's-throw of the "Jago," under the shadow of "the postries," as it were! Not only that, but I remember Thrawe Street and Kate Street, and Flower and Dean streets, when these thoroughfares were in their prime. God help the outer world that unwittingly entered that neighborhood, for man's help was useless! Mr. Traill may well believe the incident of the broken-bottle assault. I have known worse onslaughts within a block or two of Shoreditch townhall. Mr. Morrison has adhered to fact, his critics to the contrary notwithstanding.

RABBI HENRY COHEN.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

BY HENRY JAMES

XIV

MRS. BEALE fairly swooped upon her, and the effect of the whole hour was to show the child how much, how quite formidably indeed, after all, she was loved. This was the more the case, as her step-mother, so changed — in the very manner of her mother — that she really struck her as a new acquaintance, somehow recalled more familiarity than Maisie could feel. A rich, strong, expressive affection, in short, pounced upon her in the shape of a handsomer, ampler, older Mrs. Beale. It was like making a fine friend, and they had n't been a minute together before she felt elated at the way she had met the choice imposed upon her in the cab. There was a whole future in the combination of Mrs. Beale's beauty and Mrs. Beale's hug. She seemed to Maisie charming to behold, and also to have no connection at all with anybody who had once had meals in the nursery and mended under-clothing. The child knew one of her father's wives was a woman of fashion, but she had always dimly made a distinction, not applying that epithet without reserve to the other. Mrs. Beale, since their separation, had acquired a conspicuous right to it, and Maisie's first flush of response to her present

delight coloured all her splendour with meanings that, this time, were sweet. She had told Sir Claude that she was afraid of the lady in the Regent's Park; but she was not too much afraid to rejoice, aloud, on the very spot. "Why, aren't you beautiful? Isn't she beautiful, Sir Claude—is *n't* she?"

"The handsomest woman in London, simply," Sir Claude gallantly replied. "Just as you're the best little girl!"

Well, the handsomest woman in London gave herself up, with tender, lustrous looks and every demonstration of fondness, to a happiness at last recovered. There was almost as vivid a bloom in her maturity as in mamma's, and it took her but a short time to give her little friend an impression of positive power—an impression that opened up there like a new source of confidence. This was a perception, on Maisie's part, that neither mamma, nor Sir Claude, nor Mrs. Wix, with their immense and so varied respective attractions, had exactly kindled, and that made an immediate difference when the talk, as it promptly did, began to turn to her father. Oh, yes, Mr. Farange was a complication, but she saw now that he would not be one for his daughter. For Mrs. Beale certainly, he was an immense one; she speedily made known as much: but Mrs. Beale from this moment presented herself to Maisie as a person to whom a great gift had come. The great gift was just for handling complications. Maisie observed how little she made of them when, after she had dropped, to Sir Claude, some reference to a previous meeting, he exclaimed with an air of consternation, and yet with something of a laugh, that he had denied to their companion their having, since the day he came for her, seen each other till that moment.

Mrs. Beale looked surprised. "Why did you do anything so silly?"

"To protect your reputation."

"From Maisie?" Mrs. Beale was much amused.

"My reputation with Maisie is too good to suffer."

"But you believed me, you rascal, did *n't* you?"

Sir Claude asked of the child.

She looked at him—she smiled. "Her reputation did suffer. I discovered you had been here."

He was not too chagrined to laugh. "The way, my dear, you talk of that sort of thing!"

"How should she talk," Mrs. Beale inquired, "after all this wretched time with her mother?"

"It was not mamma who told me," Maisie explained. "It was only Mrs. Wix." She was hesitating whether to bring out, before Sir Claude, the source of Mrs. Wix's information, when Mrs. Beale, addressing the young man, showed her the vanity of her scruples.

"Do you know that preposterous person came to see me a day or two ago?—when I told her that I had seen you repeatedly."

Sir Claude, this time, was disconcerted. "The old cat! She never told me. Then you thought I lied?" he demanded of Maisie.

She was flurried by the term with which he had qualified her gentle friend, but she felt the occasion to be one to which she must in every way lend herself. "Oh, I did *n't* mind! But Mrs. Wix did," she added, with an intention benevolent to her governess.

Her intention was not very effective as regards Mrs. Beale. "Mrs. Wix is too idiotic!" that lady declared.

"But to you, of all people," Sir Claude asked; "what had she to say?"

"Why, that, like Mrs. Micawber—whom she must, I think, rather resemble—she will never, never, never desert Miss Farange."

"Oh, I'll make that all right!" Sir Claude cheerfully returned.

"I'm sure I hope so, my dear man," said Mrs. Beale, while Maisie wondered just how he would proceed. Before she had time to ask Mrs. Beale continued: "That's not all she came to do, if you please. But you'll never guess the rest."

"Shall I guess it?" Maisie demanded.

Mrs. Beale was again amused. "Why, you're just the person! It must be quite the sort of thing you've heard at your awful mother's. Have you never seen women there crying to her to 'spare' the men they love?"

Maisie, wondering, tried to remember; but Sir Claude was freshly diverted. "Oh, they do *n't* trouble about Ida! Mrs. Wix cried to you to spare *me*?"

"She regularly went down on her knees to me."

"The darling old dear!" the young man exclaimed.

These words were a joy to Maisie—they made up for his previous description of Mrs. Wix. "And *will* you spare him?" she asked of Mrs. Beale.

Her step-mother, seizing her and kissing her again, seemed charmed with the tone of her question. "Not an inch of him! I'll pick him to the bone!"

"You mean then he'll really come often?" Maisie pressed.

Mrs. Beale turned lovely eyes to Sir Claude. "That's not for me to say—it's for him."

He said nothing for the time, however; with his hands in his pockets and vaguely humming a tune—even Maisie could see he was a little nervous—he only walked to the window and looked out at the Regent's Park. "Well, he has promised," Maisie said. "But how will papa like it?"

"His being in and out? Ah, that's a question that, to be frank with you, my dear, hardly matters. In point of fact, however, Beale greatly enjoys the idea that Sir Claude too, poor man, has been forced to quarrel with your mother."

Sir Claude turned round and spoke gravely and

kindly. "Don't be afraid, Maisie; you won't lose sight of me."

"Thank you so much!" Maisie was radiant. "But what I meant—do n't you know?—was what papa would say to *me*."

"Oh, I've been having that out with him," said Mrs. Beale—"he'll behave well enough. You see the great difficulty is that, though he changes every three days about everything else in the world, he has never changed about your mother. It's a caution, the way he hates her."

Sir Claude gave a short laugh. "It certainly can't beat the way she still hates *him*!"

"Well," Mrs. Beale went on, obligingly, "nothing can take the place of that feeling with either of them, and the best way they can think of to show it is for each to leave you as long as possible on the hands of the other. There's nothing, as you've seen for yourself, that makes either so furious. It is n't, asking so little as you do, that you're much of an expense or a trouble; it's only that you make each feel so well how nasty the other wants to be. Therefore Beale goes on loathing your mother too much to have any great fury left for any one else. Besides, you know, I've squared him."

"Oh, Lord!" Sir Claude cried with a louder laugh and turning again to the window.

"I know how!" Maisie was prompt to proclaim. "By letting him do what he wants, on condition that he lets you also do it."

"You're too delicious, my own pet!"—she was involved in another hug. "How in the world have I got on so long without you? I've not been happy, love," said Mrs. Beale, with her cheek to the child's.

"Be happy now!" Maisie throbbed with shy tenderness.

"I think I shall be. You'll save me."

"As I'm saving Sir Claude?" the little girl eagerly asked.

Mrs. Beale, a trifle surprised, appealed to her visitor. "Is she really?"

He showed high amusement at Maisie's question. "It's dear Mrs. Wix's idea. There may be something in it."

"He makes me his duty—he makes me his life," Maisie continued to her stepmother.

"Why, that's what I want to do!"—Mrs. Beale turned quite pink with surprise at such a fine forestalling.

"Well, you can do it together. Then he'll *have* to come!"

Mrs. Beale, by this time, had her young friend fairly in her lap, and she smiled up at Sir Claude. "Shall we do it together?"

His laughter had dropped, and for a moment he turned his handsome, serious face not to his hostess, but to his step-daughter. "Well, it's rather more decent than some things. Upon my soul, the

way things are going, it seems to me the only decency!" He had the air of arguing it out to Maisie, of presenting it, through an impulse of conscience, as a connection in which they could honourably see her participate; though this plea of mere "decency" might well have appeared to fall below her rosy little vision. "If we're not good for you," he exclaimed, "I'll be hanged if I know who we shall be good for!"

Mrs. Beale showed the child an intenser radiance. "I dare say you *will* save us—from one thing and another."

"Oh, I know what she'll save *me* from!" Sir Claude roundly declared. "There'll be rows, of course," he went on.

Mrs. Beale quickly took him up. "Yes, but they'll be nothing—for you, at least—to the rows your wife makes as it is. I can bear what I suffer—I can't bear what you do."

"We're doing a good deal for you, you know, young woman," Sir Claude went on, to Maisie, with the same gravity.

His little charge coloured with a sense of obligation and the eagerness of her desire it should be known how little was lost on her. "Oh, I know!"

"Then you must keep us all right!" This time he laughed.

"How you talk to her," cried Mrs. Beale.

"No worse than you!" he gaily rejoined.

"Handsome is that handsome does!" she exclaimed in the same spirit. "You can take off your things," she went on, releasing Maisie.

The child, on her feet, was all emotion. "Then I'm just to stop—this way?"

"It will do as well as any other. Sir Claude, to-morrow, will have your things brought."

"I'll bring them myself. Upon my word, I'll see them packed!" Sir Claude promised. "Come here and unbutton."

He had beckoned his young companion to where he sat, and he helped to disengage her from her coverings while Mrs. Beale, from a little distance, smiled at the hand he displayed. "There's a step-father for you! I'm bound to say, you know, that he makes up for the want of other people."

"He makes up for the want of a nursemaid!" Sir Claude laughed. "Do n't you remember I told you so the very first time?"

"Remember? It was exactly what made me think so well of you!"

"Nothing would induce me," the young man said to Maisie, "to tell you what made me think so well of *her*." Having divested the child he kissed her gently and gave her a little pat to make her stand off. The pat was accompanied with a vague sigh in which his gravity of a moment before came back. "All the same, if you had n't had the fatal gift of beauty—"

"Well, what?" Maisie asked, wondering why

he paused. It was the first time she had heard of her beauty.

"Why, we should n't all be thinking so well of each other!"

"He is n't speaking of personal loveliness — you're not lovely in person, my dear, at all," Mrs. Beale explained. "He's just talking of plain, dull charm of character."

"Her character's the most extraordinary thing in all the world," Sir Claude communicated to Mrs. Beale.

"Oh, I know all about that sort of thing!" — she fairly bridled with the knowledge.

It gave Maisie somehow a sudden sense of responsibility from which she sought refuge. "Well, you've got it too, 'that sort of thing,' — you've got the fatal gift, you both really have!" she broke out.

"Beauty of character? My dear boy, we have n't a pennyworth!" Sir Claude protested.

"Speak for yourself, sir!" leaped lightly from Mrs. Beale. "I'm good and I'm clever. What more do you want? For you, I'll spare your blushes and not be personal — I'll simply say that you're as handsome as you can stick together."

"You're both very lovely; you can't get out of it!" — Maisie felt the need of carrying her point. "And it's beautiful to see you together."

Sir Claude had taken his hat and stick; he stood looking at her a moment. "You're a comfort in trouble! But I must go home and pack."

"And when will you come back? — to-morrow, to-morrow?"

"You see what we're in for!" he said to Mrs. Beale.

"Well, I can bear it," she replied, "if you can."

Their companion gazed from one of them to the other, thinking that though she had been happy indeed between Sir Claude and Mrs. Wix, she should evidently be happier still between Sir Claude and Mrs. Beale. But it was like being perched on a prancing horse, and she made a movement to hold on to something. "Then, you know, shan't I bid good-bye to Mrs. Wix?"

"Oh, I'll make it all right with her," said Sir Claude.

Maisie considered. "And with mamma?"

"Ah, mamma!" he sadly laughed.

Even for the child this was scarcely ambiguous; but Mrs. Beale endeavoured to contribute to its clearness. "Your mother will crow, she'll crow like the —"

"Like the early bird!" said Sir Claude, as he looked about for a comparison.

"She'll need no consolation," Mrs. Beale went on, "for having made your father grandly blasphemous."

Maisie stared. "Will he grandly blaspheme?" It sounded picturesque, almost Scriptural, and her question produced a fresh play of caresses, in which

Sir Claude also engaged. She wondered meanwhile who, if Mrs. Wix was disposed of, would represent in her life the element of geography and anecdote; and she presently surmounted the delicacy she felt about asking "Won't there be any one to give me lessons?"

Mrs. Beale was prepared with a reply that struck her as absolutely magnificent. "You shall have such lessons as you've never had in your life. You shall go to courses."

"Courses?" Maisie had never heard of such things.

"At institutions — on subjects."

Maisie continued to stare. "Subjects?"

Mrs. Beale was really splendid. "All the most important ones. French literature — and sacred history. You'll take part in classes — with awfully smart children."

"I'm going to look thoroughly into the whole thing, you know," and Sir Claude, with characteristic kindness, gave her a nod of assurance accompanied, by a friendly wink.

But Mrs. Beale went much further. "My dear child, you shall attend lectures."

The horizon was suddenly vast, and Maisie herself felt the smaller for it. "All alone?"

"Oh, no; I'll attend them with you," said Sir Claude. "They'll teach me a lot I don't know."

"So they will me," Mrs. Beale gravely admitted. "We'll go with her together — it will be charming. It's ages," she confessed to Maisie, "since I've had any time for study. That's another sweet way in which you'll be a motive to us. Oh, won't the good she'll do us be immense?" she broke out uncontrollably, to Sir Claude.

He hesitated; then he replied: "That's certainly our idea." Of this idea Maisie naturally had less of a grasp, but it inspired her with almost equal enthusiasm. If in so bright a prospect there would be nothing to long for, it followed that she would n't long for Mrs. Wix; but her consciousness of her assent to the absence of that fond figure caused a pair of words that had often sounded in her ears to ring in them again. It showed her, in short, what her father had always meant by calling her mother a "low sneak," and her mother by calling her father one. She wondered if she herself should n't be a low sneak in learning to be so happy without Mrs. Wix. What would Mrs. Wix do? where would Mrs. Wix go? Before Maisie knew it, and at the door, as Sir Claude was off, these anxieties, on her lips, grew articulate, and her stepfather had stopped long enough to answer them. "Oh, I'll square her!" he said; and with this he departed.

Face to face with Mrs. Beale, Maisie, giving a sigh of relief, looked round at what seemed to her the dawn of a higher order. "Then every one will be squared!" she peacefully said. On which her stepmother affectionately bent over her again.

XV

It was Susan Ash who came to Maisie with the news: "He's downstairs, Miss, and he do look beautiful."

In the schoolroom at her father's, which had pretty blue curtains, she had been making out at the piano a lovely little thing, as Mrs. Beale called it, a "Moonlight Berceuse" sent her, through the post, by Sir Claude, who considered that her musical education had been deplorably neglected and who, the last months at her mother's, had been on the point of making arrangements for regular lessons. She knew from him familiarly that the real thing, as he said, was shockingly dear and that anything else was a waste of money, and she therefore rejoiced the more at the sacrifice represented by the "Moonlight Berceuse," of which the price, five shillings, was marked on the cover and which was evidently the real thing. She was now on her feet in an instant. "Mrs. Beale has sent up for me?"

"Oh, no—it's not that," said Susan Ash. "Mrs. Beale has been out this hour."

"Then papa?"

"Dear no—not papa. You'll do, Miss, all but them loose 'airs," Susan went on. "Your papa never came 'ome at all," she added.

"From where?"—Maisie wondered, a little absently and very excitedly, with a wild manual brush of her locks.

"Oh, that, Miss, I should be very sorry to tell you! I'd rather tuck away that white thing behind—though I'm blessed if it's my work."

"Do then, please. I know where papa was," Maisie continued impatiently.

"Well, in your place I would n't tell."

"He was at the club—the Chrysanthemum. So!"

"All night long? Why, the flowers shut up at night, you know!" cried Susan Ash.

"Well, I do n't care"—the child was on her feet again. "Sir Claude asked for me alone?"

"The same as if you was a duchess."

Maisie was aware on her way downstairs that she was now quite as happy as one, and also, a moment later, as she hung round his neck, that even such a personage would scarce commit herself more grandly. There was moreover a hint of the duchess in the infinite point with which, as she felt, she exclaimed: "And this is what you call coming often?"

Sir Claude met her, delightfully, in the same fine spirit. "My dear old man, don't make me a scene—I assure you it's what every woman does that I look at. Let us have some fun—it's a lovely day: clap on something smart and come out with me—then we'll talk it over quietly." They were on their way, five minutes later, to Hyde Park, and nothing that even in the good days at her mother's they had ever talked over had more of the

sweetness of tranquillity than his present prompt explanations. He was at his best in such an office and, with the exception of Mrs. Wix, the only person she had met in her life who ever explained. With him, however, the act had an authority transcending the wisdom of woman. It all came back, all the plans that always failed, all the rewards and bribes that she was perpetually paying for in advance and perpetually out of pocket by afterwards—the whole great stress to be met, I say, introduced her on each occasion afresh to the question of money. Even she herself almost knew how it would have expressed the strength of his empire to say that to shuffle away her sense of being duped he had only, from under his lovely moustache, to breathe upon it. It was somehow in the nature of plans to be expensive and in the nature of the expensive to be impossible. To be "involved" was of the essence of everybody's affairs, and also at every particular moment to be more involved than usual. This had been the case with Sir Claude's, with papa's, with mamma's, with Mrs. Beale's, and with Maisie's own at the particular moment, a moment of several weeks, that had elapsed since our young lady had been re-established at her father's. There was n't "two-and-tuppence" for anything or for any one, and that was why there had been no sequel to the classes in French literature with all the smart little girls. It was devilish awkward, did n't she see? to try, without even the modest sum mentioned, to mix her up with a remote array that glittered before her after this as the Children of the Rich. She was to feel henceforth as if she were flattening her nose upon the hard window-pane of the sweet-shop of knowledge. If the classes, however, that were select and accordingly the only ones, were impossibly dear, the lectures at the institutions—at least, at some of them—were directly addressed to the intelligent poor, and it therefore had to be easier still to produce on the spot the reason why she had been taken to none. This reason, Sir Claude said, was that she happened to be just going to be, though indeed they had nothing to do with that in now directing their steps to the banks of the Serpentine. Maisie's own park, in the north, had been nearer at hand; but they rolled westward in a hansom because at the end of the sweet June days that was the direction taken by every one any one looked at. They cultivated for an hour, on the Row and by the Drive, this opportunity for each observer to amuse, and for one of them indeed, not a little hilariously, to mystify the other, and before the hour was over Maisie had elicited, in reply to her sharpest challenge, a further account of her friend's long absence.

"Why I've broken my word to you so dreadfully—promising so solemnly and then never coming? Well, my dear, that's a question that, not seeing me, day after day, you must very often have put to Mrs. Beale."

"Oh, yes," the child replied; "again and again."

"And what has she told you?"

"That you're as bad as you're beautiful."

"Is that what she says?"

"Those very words."

"Ah, the dear old soul!" Sir Claude was much diverted, and his loud, clear laugh was all his explanation. Those were just the words Maisie had last heard him use about Mrs. Wix. She clung to his hand, which was encased in a pearl-grey glove ornamented with the thick black lines that, at her mother's, always used to strike her as connected with the way the bestitched fists of the long ladies carried, with the elbows well out, their umbrellas upside down. The mere sense of it in her own covered the ground of loss just as much as the ground of gain. His presence was like an object brought so close to her face that she could n't see round its edges. He himself, however, remained showman of the spectacle even after they had passed out of the park and begun, under the charm of the spot and the season, to stroll in Kensington Gardens. What they had left behind them was, as he said, only a pretty bad circus, and, through engaging gates and over a bridge, they had come in a quarter of an hour, as he also remarked, a hundred miles from London. A great green glade was before them, and high old trees, and under the shade of these, in the fresh turf, the crooked course of a rural footpath. "It's the Forest of Arden," Sir Claude had just delightfully observed, "and I'm the banished duke, and you're—what was the young woman called?—the artless country wench. And there," he went on, "is the other girl—what's her name, Rosalind?—and (do n't you know?) the fellow that was making up to her. Upon my word he *is* making up to her!"

His allusion was to a couple who, side by side, at the end of the glade, were moving in the same direction as themselves. These distant figures, in their slow stroll which kept them so close together that their heads, drooping a little forward, almost touched, presented the back of a lady who looked tall, who was evidently a very fine woman, and that of a gentleman whose left hand appeared to be passed well into her arm while his right, behind him, made jerky motions with the stick that it grasped. Maisie's fancy responded for an instant to her friend's idea that the sight was idyllic; then stepping short, she brought out with all her clearness: "Why, mercy—if it is n't mamma!"

Sir Claude paused with a stare. "Mamma? Why, mamma's at Brussels!"

Maisie, with her eyes on the lady, wondered. "At Brussels?"

"She's gone to play a match."

"At billiards? You did n't tell me."

"Of course I did n't!" Sir Claude ejaculated. "There's plenty I do n't tell you. She went on Thursday."

The couple had added to their distance, but Maisie's eyes more than kept pace with them. "Then she has come back."

Sir Claude watched the lady. "It's much more likely she never went!"

"It's mamma!" the child said with decision.

They had stood still, but Sir Claude had made the most of his opportunity, and it happened that just at this moment, at the end of the vista, the others halted and, still showing only their backs, seemed to stay talking. "Right you are, my duck!" he exclaimed at last. "It's my own sweet wife!"

He had spoken with a laugh, but he had changed colour, and Maisie quickly looked away from him. "Then who is it with her?"

"Blest if I know!" said Sir Claude.

"Is it Mr. Perriam?"

"Oh, dear no—Perriam's smashed."

"Smashed?"

"Exposed—in the city. But there are quantities of others!" Sir Claude smiled.

Maisie hesitated; she studied the gentleman's back. "Then is this Lord Eric?"

For a moment her companion made no answer, and when she turned her eyes again to him he was looking at her, she thought, rather queerly. "What do you know about Lord Eric?"

She tried, innocently, to be odd in return. "Oh, I know more than you think! Is it Lord Eric?" she repeated.

"It may be. Blest if I care!"

Their friends had slightly separated, and now, as Sir Claude spoke, they suddenly faced round, showing all the splendour of her ladyship and all the mystery of her comrade. Maisie held her breath. "They're coming!"

"Let them come." And Sir Claude, pulling out his cigarettes, began to strike a light.

"We shall meet them?" the child asked.

"No; they'll meet *us*."

Maisie stood her ground. "They see us. Just look."

Sir Claude threw away his match. "Come straight on." The others, in the return, evidently startled, had half paused again, keeping now well apart. "She's horribly surprised and she wants to dodge," he continued. "But it's too late."

Maisie advanced beside him, making out, even across the interval, that her ladyship was ill at ease. "Then what will she do?"

Sir Claude puffed his cigarette. "She's quickly thinking." He appeared to enjoy it.

Ida had faltered but an instant; her companion clearly gave her moral support. Maisie thought he somehow looked brave, and he had indeed no likeness whatever to Mr. Perriam. His face, thin and rather sharp, was smooth, and it was not till they came nearer, that she saw he had a remarkably fair little moustache. She could already see that his

eyes were of the lightest blue. He was far nicer than Mr. Perriam. Mamma looked terrible from afar, but even under her guns the child's curiosity flickered and she appealed again to Sir Claude. "Is it — *is* it Lord Eric?"

Sir Claude smoked composedly enough. "I think it's the Count."

This was a happy solution — it fitted her idea of a Count. But what idea, as she now came grandly on, did mamma fit? — unless that of an actress, in some tremendous situation, sweeping down to the footlights as if she would jump them. Maisie felt really frightened, and before she knew it had passed her hand into Sir Claude's arm. Her pressure caused him to stop, and at the sight of this the other couple came equally to a stand and, beyond the diminished space, remained a moment more in talk. This, however, was the matter of an instant; leaving the Count apparently to come round more circuitously — an outflanking movement, if Maisie had but known it — her ladyship resumed the direct onset. "What *will* she do?" her daughter demanded.

Sir Claude was now in a position to say. "Try to pretend it's me."

"You?"

"Why, that I'm up to something."

In another minute poor Ida had justified this prediction, erect there before them, like a figure of justice in full dress. There were parts of her face that grew whiter while Maisie looked, and other parts in which this change seemed to make other colours reign with more intensity. "What are you doing with my daughter?" she demanded of her husband; in spite of the indignant tone of which Maisie had a greater sense than ever in her life before of not being personally noticed. It seemed to her that Sir Claude also grew pale as an effect of the loud defiance with which Ida twice repeated this question. He put her, instead of answering it, an inquiry of his own: "Who the devil have you got hold of *now*?" and at this her ladyship turned tremendously to the child, glaring at her as if she were an equal source of wrong. Maisie received, in petrification, the full force of her mother's huge painted eyes — they were like Japanese lanterns swung under festive arches. But life came back to her from a tone suddenly and strangely softened. "Go straight to that gentleman, my dear; I have asked him to take you a few minutes. He's charming — go. I've something to say to *this* creature."

Maisie felt Sir Claude immediately clutch her. "No, no — thank you; that won't do. She's mine."

"Yours?" It was confounding to Maisie to hear her speak quite as if she had never heard of Sir Claude before.

"Mine. You've given her up. You've not another word to say about her. I have her from her father," said Sir Claude — a statement that astonished his companion, who could also measure its lively action on her mother.

There was visibly, however, an influence that

made Ida consider; she glanced at the gentleman she had left, who, having strolled with his hands in his pockets to some distance, stood there with unembarrassed vagueness. With her great hard eyes on him for a moment she smiled; then she looked again at Sir Claude. "I've given her up to her father to *keep* — not to get rid of by sending her about the town either with you or with any one else. If she's not to mind me, let *him* come and tell me so. I decline to take it from another person, and you're a fool to pretend that, with your hypocritical meddling, you've a leg to stand on. I know your game and I've something now to say to you about it."

Sir Claude gave a squeeze of the child's arm. "Did n't I tell you she would have, Miss Farange?"

"You're uncommonly afraid to hear it," Ida went on; "but if you think she'll protect you from it you're mightily mistaken." She gave him a moment. "I'll give her the benefit as soon as look at you. Should you like her to know, my dear?" Maisie had a sense of her launching this inquiry at him with effect; yet our young lady was also conscious of hoping that Sir Claude would reply in the affirmative. We have already learned that she had come to like people's liking her to "know." Before he could reply at all, however, her mother opened a pair of arms of extraordinary elegance, and then she felt the loosening of his grasp. "My own child," Ida murmured in a voice — a voice of sudden, confused tenderness — that it seemed to her she heard for the first time. She wavered but an instant, thrilled with the first direct appeal, as distinguished from the mere maternal pull, she had ever had from lips that, even in the old vociferous years, had always been sharp. The next moment she was on her mother's breast, where, amid a wilderness of trinkets, she felt as if she had suddenly been thrust into a jeweller's shop-front, but only to be as suddenly ejected with a push and the brisk injunction: "Now go to the Captain!"

Maisie glanced at the gentleman submissively, but felt the want of more introduction. "The Captain?"

Sir Claude broke into a laugh. "I told her he was the Count."

Ida stared; she rose so superior that she was colossal. "You're too utterly loathsome," she then declared. "Be off!" she repeated to her daughter.

Maisie started, moved backward and, looking at Sir Claude, "only for a moment," she said to him in her bewilderment.

But he was too angry to heed her — too angry with his wife; as she turned away she heard his anger break out. "You damned old b——" — she could n't quite hear all. But it was enough, it was too much: she fled before it, rushing even to a stranger in the terror of such a change of tone.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS

THE HISTORIOGRAPHER OF
ROYALTY

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND MADEMOISELLE DE MONTIJO.—
By Imbert de Saint Amand. Translated by Elizabeth
Gilbert Martin. 8vo. Charles Scribner's
Sons. \$1.50.

THE indefatigable Imbert de Saint Amand has just furnished the reader of his thirty-six volumes a comparison which, we will wager, has never occurred to him before. In his Introduction to *Louis Napoleon and Mademoiselle de Montijo*, he writes: "It was while passing through the apartments of the palace of Louis XIV . . . that the idea of writing the *Women of Versailles* occurred to me. It was while contemplating the ruins of the Tuileries that I determined to recount the lives of the sovereigns and princesses who inhabited that fatal palace. The visits which in these latter times I have made to the châteaux of Fontainebleau and Compiègne are what have decided me to occupy myself with the Second Empire." "It was at Rome," wrote Gibbon, "as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." We thank our author for the parallel, which he also suggests in another place. "The conspirator of Strasburg and Boulogne . . . said to himself that Napoleon had been a Cæsar, and he would be an Augustus." Our nineteenth-century Augustus needs no greater Gibbon than he has found in the author of the present work, which is, of course, only the introduction to—perhaps eighteen—volumes on the women of the Second Empire, although in this volume Mlle. de Montijo plays but a minor part.

M. Imbert de Saint Amand says of Napoleon III. "No figure in the latter half of the nineteenth century has so obtruded itself into history," and here he, or perhaps his translator, is not far wrong. Bismarck, Thiers, Gladstone, Victor Emanuel, and many more, belong to history; Napoleon III "obtruded" himself into it. How he succeeded in doing so, to any one who gains his ideas from this book only, will be an impenetrable mystery. Good-hearted and rather sentimental, a devoted son and a congenital Bonapartist, Louis Napoleon is presented to us passing equably and naively through the fiascos of Strasburg and Boulogne, and the successes of the Presidency and the Coup d'État, always the same absolute and vacuous mask.

It must be confessed that in the earlier life of Louis Napoleon, which takes up the greater part of the present volume, M. Imbert de Saint Amand feels by no means in his true element. He does not really become himself until the Prince-President is established at the Elysée with "three hundred major-domos in the uniform prescribed by the cere-

monial of the former imperial household." From this point the glories of the Empire are in full view, and our author luxuriates freely in banquets, balls, and processions. Of this latter existence he was himself a part, or at least a spectator; he writes of what he saw and what he knows, and undoubtedly he is wise in keeping away from the things he does not know,—namely, the thinking and doing of statesmen, the real workings of social and political forces, and the involutions and combinations of European politics. We have, frankly enough, a picture of life on the surface as M. Imbert de Saint Amand saw it. We get no more notion of causes and necessities than in our author's other works. The passing moment impresses him with the most respectable sensations; he notes the event and the emotion, and passes on. For one thing he is to be highly praised. His friends advised him to write memoirs. The good man knew better. "Not for an instant did I entertain the notion of following their counsel. . . . I have been a mere spectator. The only thing I can do is to relate what I have seen, and speak of illustrious persons with whom I found myself in relations." What he saw he tells of; that he did not see very far below the surface will never incapacitate him for writing good enough history for the average book-club.

It is improbable that Louis Napoleon himself will ever inspire a historian of high order. The great historian of the Second Empire—M. Emile Zola—has little to say of the Emperor. We may cheerfully resign Napoleon the Little to the care of M. Imbert de Saint Amand and the tender mercies of his translator.

ALL COLORS—AND GREEN

A DIPLOMAT IN LONDON, LETTERS AND NOTES,
1871-1877.—Translated from the French of
Charles Gavard. Henry Holt and Company.

M. GAVARD was first chief secretary, later minister plenipotentiary, acting as chargé d'affaires of the French embassy at London for six uninteresting years following the Franco-Prussian war. M. Gavard politically was quite as uninteresting as his surroundings. As soon as the resiliency of France had asserted itself after the throttling of Bismarck's sinister policy of 1875 to reinstate and permanently conquer the republic, he was recalled by M. Waddington, later himself the most effective minister France has had at the court of St. James's. M. Gavard was a true journalist,—after his retirement from politics he sank agreeably into the practice of his profession on the *Moniteur*,—and in the course of his English sojourn he observed affairs of state, persons of quality, life in London, with considerable shrewdness and humor, and craftily wrote down his observations for future use. He possessed the essen-

tial quality of the writer of "foreign impressions," who must be like the chameleon — taking its color from its surroundings, but always remaining green.

He never liked England or Englishmen. He saw "the Queen in her carriage, the Scotchman Brown on the box. She was going to the new colossal statue of Prince Albert. The Prince must be greatly embarrassed by his pedestal, for he was a man *comme il faut* — and embarrassed still more by the temple they are raising to him, forming Albert Hall — temple, kiosque, pagoda, Byzantine phantasy. It is enough to make Wellington jealous — *he* has only two statues, the one with the three-cornered hat, and another at the opposite end of the Park, with nothing on but a sword." He met the Queen and found she "talks capitally, does not pause even while her auditor is being changed; the conversation flows on from one to the other without period or commas." The discreet *chargé* found that this "was an occasion to beware of wit," and conducted himself with "accomplished stupidity."

He went to an "informal dinner." "A young clergyman came and warbled love-songs. 'Marvel,' says Montalembert, 'at the power of England; she is long-suffering.'"

Gladstone, the little journalist discovered, was a socialist, but interesting. Disraeli was painted, weak, ineffectual, except when baiting his ancient enemy. "I ought to add that whenever I listen to Gladstone I fall under the spell of his easy, rich, undulating eloquence, of his harmonious voice, of his beautiful, clear enunciation, of his elocution and quick eye, which roves among his auditors without his attention to what he is saying lapsing for a moment. But I find great difficulty in following his thought through all its wanderings; and I ask myself sometimes if he is always capable of following it himself." Lord Salisbury "has a kindly face, pleasant look, and equally unassuming air."

Schouvaloff told Gavard that Thiers, upon arriving at St. Petersburg, exclaimed: "I am ashamed to represent the republic. It is the greatest sacrifice I could make for my country—I, the advocate *par excellence* of constitutional monarchy." Brunnow remarked to him apropos the French indemnity: "Either Bismarck did not know what a billion means, or he never thought you could pay it." There are five lines on Robert Schenck, whom the curious in political history, or draw-poker, will recall as our minister to England at one time: "Schenk (*sic!*) came too late; like a true 'Yankee' he wanted to get on the moving train, but the guard pulled him away from the door. He found Musurus, the Greek, and the other wastes and strays of the diplomatic corps to console himself with." Moody and Sankey were in London in his time. "After each meeting Sankey telegraphs to his manager in New York: So many organs sold, so many souls saved."

It is thus that M. Gavard prattles on, a typical

attaché of the class journalistic. He seems to have extracted all the excitement there was in an unimportant post, in an unimportant period following a great rearrangement of the political forces. Once only did his position become serious, and that was in 1875. For a few days he appears to have lived rapidly, and his comments upon Great Britain's dull and selfish policy during that period are justly cynical. But after that he resumed his proper position on the front steps of the Foreign Office with the journalists.

The book appears to be well translated, although an occasional amusing blunder appears, like "Oberon" (instead of Auber) Herbert.

BY THE GREAT UNKNOWN

THE DESCENDANT. — Anonymous. Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.

CENTURIES ago, William Camden found "what's bred in the bone will never out of the flesh," a fact sufficiently obvious to the multitude from the beginning to have passed into a proverb. Nowadays, men devote volumes to plethoric proof of it, and call it "working out a problem in heredity." Such was the purpose of the anonymous author of *The Descendant*. The title indicates it, and the headings of the four divisions of the work approve it. Its motto is Haeckel's "Man is not above Nature, but in Nature." The first of its books bears the legend, *Omne vivum ex ovo*, it ends with Dead Sea apples, Schopenhauer and Ibsen are served between, its Nietzsche-like protagonist flavors it throughout; yet man is left a free moral agent, and the essential sweetness of life remains unimpugned at its close.

The hero, Michael Akershem, was born out of wedlock — his father being a villain and his mother a fool, as he himself abruptly characterizes them. The mother, a woman of the fields, dies, the father remains undisclosed, and the child is taken by a neighboring farmer. When the story opens he is a swineherd; but he grows up a scholar, an innate longing for knowledge seeming to commingle with an understanding that it affords an escape from odious surroundings. In the first flush of youth Akershem leaves his birthplace in Virginia and goes to New York, where he soon becomes editor of the *Iconoclast*, an Ishmaelish journal devoted to the justification of its name at the expense of existing social conditions. He achieves something better than mere notoriety by the force of his writings; he loves and is loved by a young artist from the South, whom he treats much as his father treated his mother. He is taken to task for it by his best friend and early patron; he kills a devoted admirer when frenzied with the rebuke, and serves his term in the state's prison. Eventually, he comes back to die in the arms of his first love — an ending wholly conventional to a story in many respects remarkable.

While the book is forcefully written, disclosing a hand skillful in the treatment, and a perception discriminating in the choice of materials, the chief character is elusive and self-contradictory. He is the slave of heredity and of environment in unstable equilibrium,—like the rest of us,—which leaves proof of his creator's theme unpleasantly suspended. The love affair is charmingly told, but it lacks coherence and probability. Akershem perpetually sways between that hatred for society, for which both his birth and early training are responsible, and the desire of civilized man to establish a home, due both to nature and his surroundings. And in the final catastrophe there is nothing of inherence or imminence but the mere frenzy of a mind overwrought by a conscience arbitrarily developed. And the arbitrariness so apparent in this is to be noted in a score of minor details.

All that the author has done by the intrusion of a point of view is to confuse a character in which the results of instinct and example are too perfectly intertwined to be quite true, when considered either as philosophy, nature, or art. Yet, *The Descendant* presents phases of modern thought rarely dealt with in fiction, is both able and daring in its treatment of them, and is readable and worthy of reading.

AN UNNECESSARY CHATELAIN

A TRANSATLANTIC CHATELAINE.—By Helen Choate Prince. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

WHEN Mr. Kipling replied to a recent correspondent that stories could n't be written "by sitting down to a table and dipping a pen in the ink," but that "they happened along," he expressed with his happy directness the recipe for all tales other than those made of the stringing of phrases.

A Transatlantic Chatelaine was written, not because it had to be, but because it could be, and it bears throughout, despite its honesty and almost deadly seriousness, the imprint of the objective. It is neither the intelligent relation of the facts of a single experience nor the expression of a part of the social consciousness, breaking out into that vital form which is literature. It is rather a well-intentioned, somewhat facile relation of the more obvious facts of an international marriage, with occasional pages of such excellent description as quite to justify the author in writing—something else.

This novel—in spite of its 400 pages—is not deserving of a severe arraignment, except that it may stand as a type of the many with which the shelves of the booksellers are being filled and refilled. Its chief fault lies in the fact that many may read it instead of something better. It is a very proper morsel for the girl who from fifteen to twenty gets novels from the library while her brother is choos-

ing history and science. Its fascinating and quite legitimate thesis of the marriage of the American "millionairess" with the decadent son of an old French house would gain it an easy audience. The beautiful, lonely girl, dreaming of a title, and oppressed by the millions with which she might regild it; her only friend, an adventuress; the marriage after a week's acquaintance; the subsequent trials and temptations, and the triumph of native worth and virtue,—this is all to be treated as anything but novelty. That there are episodes well and naturally told, that the parental relation is touched with real knowledge and emotion, and that the morale is unimpeachable, is here, nothing to the point. Its entire lack of humor, its faults of rhetoric, its frequent absurdities, are no more so. The gist of the matter lies in the applied standard. If tales are to be written by any one who can get a hearing, and will do his best, without other standard than a fair purpose, this story must have a place not too far down the unending line.

Compared with that great best, which requires that only the long pressure of the truth makes free to speak, and which respects its tool of speech, and fears to misuse it, or use it rashly, this book, and a thousand like it, belong to the great modern school of the unnecessary. It is but a blowing upon ashes. The result will never be fire.

THE IDEA OF COMEDY

AN ESSAY ON COMEDY.—George Meredith. 12mo. Charles Scribner & Sons. \$1.25.

IT is a melancholy fact, according to Mr. George Meredith, that only four dramatists in all the world's history have been imbued with the spirit of comedy. Among novelists, Voltaire, Cervantes, Fielding, and, if modesty would not forbid his speaking of it, the author of *The Egoist*, might rank as masters of comedy; but in the annals of the stage we look in vain for the true spirit, outside the masterpieces of Aristophanes, Menander, Shakespeare, and Molière; and of these, the greatest are Menander and Molière.

Just why Menander is included, we are at a loss to see. The fragments of his works that have been preserved to us, and the excellent adaptations of his plays to be found in Terence, are hardly sufficient as a basis for this sudden glory. Either the sorrowful rendering of the *Heautontimorumenos*, which lives in the memories of our school-days, has worn out at an early period our appreciation of Terence, or Mr. Meredith has a literary taste something akin to the botanical perception of those English ladies who, after a winter's sojourn in Italy, cannot bear the vulgarity of an English oak in full leaf, but go into ecstasies over a tiny fern which reminds them of the fauna of Florence.

But leaving Menander out of the discussion, it

remains for Mr. Meredith to explain exactly what constitutes that spirit of comedy which shines so brightly in the pages of Molière and arouses Homeric laughter in the plays of Aristophanes. It is not sufficient to say that the idea of comedy is based upon common sense, nor do we feel that a recognition of the equality of men and women is entirely responsible for the mirth that emanates from the courtship of Beatrice and Benedick. Woman as the incarnation of common sense, and the only true patron saint of comedy, is a novel creation, for which Mr. Meredith deserves much credit. All men have quailed at one time or another before the unrelenting common sense of the fairer sex. Sentimental woman is altogether an invention of imaginative writers. In real life she is incapable of illusion, intolerant of sentiment, keen to indulge in ridicule. No tragedy is safe from her appreciation of the comic; her tears may come easily, but laughter soon chases them away.

But the fact is, that Mr. Meredith jumped at an erroneous conclusion when he laid stress upon the inclusion of the feminine mind in the idea of comedy; and indeed the mistake was obvious, since the audiences which crowded to hear the plays of Aristophanes had no conception whatever of the true position of woman in the world. Moreover, the common sense which lies at the very root of the matter implies a sane and comprehensive view of life, such as very few women can attain. Their training has not brought them the philosophic mind.

In reality it is mainly a question of race. Aristophanes, and, if he insists, Menander, being Greeks, were absolutely devoid of that sentimentalism which is characteristic of the German races. The French, or at least the French of Paris, are Greek to an extent that we can hardly understand. To the Teuton, life is deep and earnest; how deep he dares not guess; to attempt to fathom it would be almost a sacrilege. In the mind of the average Englishman, this earnestness takes the form of irony and humor, but never quite admits the comic spirit. Shakespeare has created characters like Dogberry, which are obviously comic, and the Englishman understands and laughs. But Malvolio and Jaques he must needs drag from the sunny field of comedy into the more shadowy paths of humor, where the eye is often wet. There is hardly an actor who does not ruin Malvolio by exhibiting the pathetic side of him. The French are different. Orgon, with his reiterated "*Le pauvre homme*," is viewed, not from the heart, but from the intellect. The miser and the misanthrope are true to life, yet they exhibit only the comic side of existence, because they are seen, as it were, in *bas-relief*. The Anglo-Saxon insists on seeing both sides of the picture. Some day, when he takes his professional work less seriously, and begins to look with classic sanity upon life as a whole, he may become civilized, and then the comic spirit

which is at present dying of inanition, may stand him in good stead.

There is another set of circumstances necessary for the true development of the comic spirit, at which Mr. Meredith only hints. It must always be remembered that Aristophanes wrote for an audience with trained intellects. The free Greeks of the ecclesia were not really a democracy, but a ruling aristocracy of master minds. The dirty work of every-day existence was done for them by slaves and aliens. Even trade was regarded as something base and degrading. Since they could spend their whole lives in developing their minds and bodies, it is little wonder that they could laugh loud and long at the keen wit of Aristophanes, which would leave an average audience of to-day cold and bored.

And then the license of the age made it possible for him to attack individuals with a personal directness that is out of the question now. It was equivalent to the latter-day ridiculing of Wagner and Ibsen by would-be comic persons. There was this great difference, however. Both Aristophanes and his audience were intimately acquainted with the great men that suffered from his laughter. Nowadays the joke is bandied about by ignorant people, who only laugh because they do not understand. And the public laughs with the jester because it is such an easy way of disposing of the whole matter. That was not the way of Aristophanes. His conservatism may have been a serious hindrance to the advance of learning at the time; but he has made mirth for countless generations, and that should outbalance his wrong-doing. So it was with Molière and his public. He wrote his plays for the most brilliant and indolent society that the world has yet entertained. And, moreover, he knew the life which he attempted to depict. Therein lies the whole secret of the matter. In order that the idea of comedy may return, we must have the common sense to look upon life sanely, and, like Goethe, the only comic German, to see it whole. We must also have that leisure to enjoy it, which, under the existing stress of circumstances, is out of the question for society as a whole. Pan is dead, and even George Meredith cannot bring him back to life.

CHILDREN AS THINGS

THE CHILDREN.—By Alice Meynell. 16mo. John Lane. \$1.25.

A BINDING in green and gold and a title-page of many colors cannot conceal the fact that Mrs. Meynell has written, not fiction, nor literary essays, in the common sense, but a scientific treatise. Behind her graces of style one sees the German investigator's attitude. *The Children* is apparently made up of fragments from a notebook kept during the years that she has been collecting anecdotes. Whatever of

passionate fondness for the child she may have she has concealed, and her work is notable for understanding rather than sympathy. It stirs the intellect, not the imagination. The author stands curiously aloof and examines the child as she might an especially fine bit of carved ivory. Her attitude of mind is what a vivisectionist's might be, could he conduct his experiments without giving pain.

The book is tense with thought, and full of Mrs. Meynell's exquisite delicacy of perception and keen love of beauty. The reader is kept on the alert by new and stimulating interpretations of accepted commonplaces. "Summer dusk especially," she says, "is the frolic moment for children, baffle them as you may." And then, "What remembrances does this imply of the hunt, what of the predatory dark? The kitten grows alert at the same hour, and hunts for moths and crickets in the grass."

Mrs. Meynell's style (and she is one of the few writers whose style deserves serious treatment) is sure and irreproachable, if somewhat rigid and lapidarian. If the admirably careful form and rhythm of her sentences and paragraphs belonged to her essays as a whole, she would have given us again a model of one kind of writing. Perhaps she could not help the "scrappiness"; a notebook rarely takes more than a paragraph as its unit.

AN ENTERTAINING BOOK

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS. FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

IT is a pleasure to find a book as readable and entertaining as *America and the Americans*. On the authority of *The Critic* we understand it is written "From a French Point of View" perhaps—but by an American. It certainly shows an acquaintance with the country which is unusual in a volume of this sort. Instead of glaring and absurd misstatements of fact and curiously inadequate studies of the subject, we find only an occasional, and possibly intentional, interpolation of improbability.

The temper of the author is admirable. His criticisms are not acridly unfriendly; they are detached, cosmopolitan, and unhesitating, the judgments of a cultivated and traveled man of the world. We may be thankful for his neglect of the obvious. He does not tell us too much about the American girl and her freedom, nor of the American woman and her subjugation of her husband. And if he brings no startlingly new judgments, he phrases neatly for us what we only vaguely apprehended before. The French point of view gives freshness to the criticism, certainly.

As a republic, we are told, we have degraded, not dignified, labor. That is why we clean our own boots, and why we clamored against putting New York's street-cleaners into uniforms. Everything that

we can do by machinery we do well; everything that we do as personal service we do ill. Yet, our "fad" is to be always busy. It appears to a foreigner that so long as we hurry we do not much care whether we accomplish anything or not. The writer asserts that in the same time one may do twice as much business in London as in New York. And the typewriter rather wastes our time than saves it.

"Society" is crude; in the West because we care too little, in the East because we care too much. We do not welcome our men of intellect, our men of affairs, into "society." Nor do they care to come. Our society is not the society of power or prestige, but merely the society of intrigue and amusement. Abroad it is success enjoying its idleness, here it is idleness enjoying its success. The more cultivated classes are excluded, partially by their own indifference, from their proportionate share in the governing machinery. The result is, that our classes are further apart and more vulgarly jealous than in Europe, and here is sounded a real note of warning against our usual blithe, happy-go-lucky faith in the future. Faith in the future has been given our author mainly by the sight of a circle of farmers around the stove in a country store.

THE ADVANCE OF THE DISSENTER

THE STORY OF HANNAH. — By W. J. Dawson. 8vo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

LIKE a jinn from a jar, the shadow of the English dissenting minister is rising to cloud a sky long lowering with Scotch "meenisters," established and otherwise. Less in dimension at present, the English nonconformist is potentially greater, and the future holds out to the reading public a threat of forced acquaintance with the dialect of every village in England, and that at a time when most of us have felt our mastery of the Scotch tongue sufficient for grappling with the modern literature of Great Britain.

The author of *The Story of Hannah*, himself a dissenting divine, informs us, through the medium of a printed slip furnished by his publishers, that "he believes that there must be ample material in English life for a true idyll of Dissent, and that there are English villages which can furnish very fair analogues to 'Thrums' and 'Drumtochty.'" He then exhumes one of them and abundantly demonstrates that the annals of the poor, however simple, are not necessarily short.

Assuredly the book is a "very fair analogue" to the models its author holds up to himself, and taken as a not particularly interesting account of eminently uninteresting people, may be properly called a "very fair" sort of book. Nor does it require a glossary—quite. But we await with trembling the rising of a greater than Mr. Dawson, whose "analogue" will.

THE YEAR OF SHAME

THE YEAR OF SHAME.—By William Watson. 8vo.
John Lane. \$1.25.

ENGLAND'S interference in Crete against the Greeks, temporarily obscuring the Armenian question, has cast a shadow of impotence over Mr. William Watson's verses. Reference to this would be unfair if the poet himself had done less to impress his lack of power upon us.

Mr. Watson's little book is made up of twenty-three sonnets, sixteen of which are reprinted from his pamphlet, *The Purple East*, and three poems beside in simpler forms. The avowed purpose of the work is the awakening of England's conscience to its duty toward Armenia, and its title is a stinging rebuke to the nation. Why, then, are the dapper verses, "On a Certain European Alliance," included? And in a volume so designed, what part does the sonnet "England to America," play? This latter was deemed important enough to be dispatched by cable and given wide publicity in this country upon its first appearance. But in its present connection it simply distracts the mind.

The last of the sonnets, where a climax of thought and feeling may rightly be looked for, calls upon the Queen to enlist the Czar's sympathies for Armenia during his visit to England. It was apparent before the volume was published that no such result had been attained, and the poem should have been vigorously excluded instead of being given the place of honor.

The three poems which conclude the book are still more blameworthy. The first of these, "The Awakening," is powerfully written, but it is a false prophecy, with its futility made glaring by the verses in irregular iambics, "How Weary Are Our Hearts," immediately following. Here lay the logical conclusion of the poet's work. Yet he chooses to bring the volume to a cross anti-climax by the weak lines, "Europe at the Play," written in that weakest of English meters, iambic tetrameter, the measure of "Maud Muller."

The poems show a wide range of expression, from the Verestchagin-like realism of the opening of "How Long?" to the delicate etching in "A Birthday," to which the repetition of its first line at the close of both the octave and sextet lends an insistence both sweet and sad. Unfortunately, the poet's method of expressing intensity suggests profanity. In one sonnet, "To the Sultan," he gives way to this, and amplifies his phrase "Abdul the Damned," until he fairly beats the air.

Yet the faults of the book are all of the head, and not of the heart, and the volume is too noble in its intentions to pass unheeded, for all that recent events have run so directly counter to its tenor. The detestation of a poet for a sordid yielding of great principles, and the hatred of a man for an in-

ternational policy which condemns thousands of his fellows to a fate worse than death, afford themes without which the world would be poor indeed. Mr. Watson is to be congratulated upon reintroducing into politics an element which has been lacking too long both here and abroad.

A MAN TO WIN

THE MAN WHO WINS.—By Robert Herrick. 18mo.
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$0.75.

IT is proof of Mr. Herrick's thoughtful craftsmanship that he puts into one hundred and twenty-five small pages what the average novelist would take three times that number for, and that he incorporates an almost revolutionary thesis into his story without making it other than the direct and simple narrative of one man's career.

"There are some men," says Jarvis Thornton, at the end of the book, to the young man who wants to marry his daughter, "who care more to do some one thing, who love one object more than they care for success, for fame, for pleasure. If they are defeated, if they never have the chance to do that one thing,—perhaps the world is no poorer,—there are plenty to take their place, but they are capable of misery, real misery, such as no common failure ever brings to the common man. They may be foolish, they may be idle and be drawn aside, and think they are happier in doing what comes along, but that is never true.

"Such men can never love, except as an interlude. . . . Such a marriage as mine has been, such a marriage as yours would be, is a career in itself. Beyond that, nothing, understand, *nothing*. Love is a humble career, though it is rich. The man who wins does not devote his life to an exacting passion for a neurotic woman. You are the man to win; go in."

It is Thornton's own story of failure. The vital passion came for the daughter of the fourth generation of a decayed and disgraced Puritan family. The father was dishonest and a drunkard, the daughter no worse than thin-blooded and tearful. Thornton, whose chance of winning was being fought for in the Cambridge laboratories, lets the stream of his love carry him to marriage, and finally to a successful but unwelcome career as a fashionable physician. His love remains, a placid force in his life, and he is perhaps happy, but he has not won.

Mr. Herrick's book is frankly a novel with a purpose, but it is a novelty to find the purpose other than the usual justification of unbridled passion as the court of ultimate appeal in ethics. It is written with admirable restraint, and, without affectations of style, in the clearest English. It is a pleasure to welcome Mr. Herrick into the small company of serious literary workers.

ON THE TRAIL OF ROMANCE

THE FORGE IN THE FOREST.—By Charles G. D. Roberts. 12mo. Illustrated. Lamson, Wolfe & Co. \$1.50.

FOR the work of an experienced and successful literary man, *The Forge in the Forest* is a curiously amateurish and inconsequent production. It is evidently a hasty attempt to take advantage of the temporarily romantic taste of the reading public; and except for occasional graces of style, and a certain delicate poetic feeling, it is a book which any one might have written. It was not worth doing—in spite of the picturesqueness of the setting and the glimpses it gives of brilliant possibilities.

The story, which takes place during the English and French struggle for supremacy in Acadie, is quick and bloodthirsty. The chapters end with much the noisy effectiveness of a penny-dreadful. Even the heroine shoots Indians, and there is a terrific battle, which is neither interesting nor clear. For some subtle reason, which is never explained, a priest, who is alleged to be of great consequence among the French, spends all of his time kidnapping the child of the heroine. The hero spends all of his time trying to rescue the child, and an aged man of the woods spends his time helping the hero and foiling the priest. That is all there is to the story: it ends happily.

The character-drawing is curiously vague; it is elemental to the point of being schoolboyish. The hero—the Sieur de Briart—is the personification of bravery, goodness, and superhuman strength. The villain is all that is black and bad. The heroine is the glorification of yellow hair: that is all we know of them.

Mr. Roberts can do better work than this; and the beautiful Acadian background is worthy his best.

GLAMOUR

GLAMOUR.—By Meta Orred. 8vo. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.

META ORRED'S last story would serve indifferently as a charade with the solution not given, or as an exercise for correction in punctuation, capitalization, grammar, and style. Her fullstops stutter throughout the book, she invents words like "non-volitious," "marbility" and "uncare."

Here and there she presents conundrums, for the solution of which large prizes should be offered. What can she mean when she says, "A beautiful walk and a beautiful voice are rare gifts, and when combined in one individual are of seldom occurrence"? Or, "Somehow in her heart, passionately as she loved him, Erminia had never realized that Maurice returned her passion; but it was not until this moment that she began to doubt with cer-

tainty"? The context lends no aid, for, broadly speaking, there is no context.

But it is in the plot that troubles really thicken. The author tells "How this Lady had handed her husband the poisoned cup on their marriage night at the bridal-feast; how the ring he had placed on her finger that day, a priceless gem of virtue, had, on becoming clouded, betrayed the poison and saved his life; how when she saw all was lost she had tried to drink the contents herself; how he had prevented her, but chaining her wrists together had had her painted the following day in the dress she had worn, with the cup in her hands; how the poison growing presumably more virulent from being long mixed, in dripping over had burnt her right hand, and how she ever after wore it concealed in the folds of the black garments she wore till her death from voluntary starvation." Yet this unamiable person is the ancestress of the hero of *Glamour*, a reconciliation evidently having been effected with her husband and the starvation postponed until she could bear him an heir. The ghost which in the prologue of the romance is alleged to have laid the foundation for all the trouble Maurice comes into afterward, he flatly denies ever having set eyes on, many chapters later, and it turns out that he is a sleep-walker who can fall ever so many feet off a parapet without awakening. Then there are Good, and Evil, and Experience, and Influence—all with capital letters—and persons who talk so much like Alice's Duchess, you can see the flamingoes under their arms, and a love affair, "such as words could never utter," quite in Werther's best manner, and English folk who say "Bah!" and Italians who ejaculate "Ché!" and bats on the cover, until you conclude that the author, like Mr F.'s aunt in *Little Dorrit*, "may have thrown in these observations on some system of her own, and it may have been ingenious, or even subtle; but the key to it was wanted." In fine, Miss Orred's book, as one of its characters remarks, "makes living very awful." It will be recalled in this connection that she wrote *In the Gloaming*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- BOOK AND HEART.—By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 12mo. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
 PETER HALKET, TROOPER, OF MASHONALAND.—By Olive Schreiner. 12mo. Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.
 THE COMING OF THE KING.—By Walter Malone. 12mo. Press of J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 MCKINLEY: A SONNET. By Ulysses Francis Duff. Reprinted from the Ohio State Journal.
 THE COLLEGE YEAR-BOOK AND ATHLETIC RECORD FOR THE YEAR 1896-97.—Compiled by Edwin Emerson, Jr. 12mo. Stone & Kimball. \$2.00.
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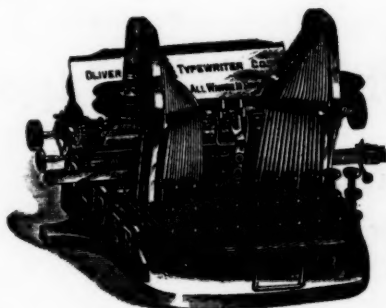
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